

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

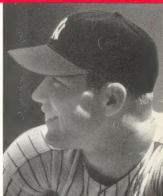
OCTOBER 1, 1956

a Time Inc. weekly publication

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WORLD SERIES

MICKEY MANTLE
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- THE COCKY NATIONAL LEAGUE
- SCOUTING REPORTS ON THE TEAMS
- YANKEE POWER IN COLOR
- DOWN THE STRETCH WITH STENGEL
- PLUS ALL REGULAR FEATURES



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COVER: MICKIE MANTLE Photograph by Arthur Bailey

Acknowledgments on page 56

Last weekend, as the National League tied itself in pennant knots, the New York Yankees moved serenely toward the World Series. Walking that straight line with Casey Stengel (see page 69) was Mighty Mickey, happily over his Babe Ruth record-jitters and hitting home runs with his old early-season abandon.

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AN SI SPECIAL: THE WORLD SERIES

- **PREVIEW AND THE SPECTACLE OF YANKEE POWER** **10**
 ROBERT GRIMMER and RAY TENSHELL rate the teams. With photographs of the players in COLOR
- **SCOUTING REPORTS: YANKS, BUMS, BRAVES AND REDLEGS** **17**
 Men-by-men evaluations of the American League pennant winners and the National League contenders
- **FOOTLOOSE IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE** **23**
 HORACE SUTTON, RAY VAN EVERT and HARRY MAYS tell what is do in Brooklyn, Milwaukee, Cincinnati
- **DOWN THE STRETCH WITH CASEY STENGEL** **69**
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- THE LEGAL HALF OF THE ILLEGAL WHOLE** **30**
 ROBERT H. BOYLE presents a behind-the-scenes report on the men who set the odds—and those who bet them.
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 ROBERT COUGHLIN completes his study of the surprising successes enjoyed by former gridiron stars
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- THE SPORTING LOOK: LOVE THAT LODEN** **46**
 A report from Rome with photographs in COLOR on a certain style leader for fall
- FOOTBALL'S FIRST WEEK: SIX PAGES OF NEWS AND VIEWS** **52**
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NEXT WEEK: PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

Action stories on the first week of the pro season as the Browns, the Bears, the Rams and the rest get under way, plus four pages of color photographs of the pros at their hurly bust, scouting reports on all 12 teams and James Murray's analysis of their new problems

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HOTBOX



The Question

As a Little League champion, what is the height of your ambition? (Asked at the Little League championship finals in Williamsport, Pa.)

DONALD DELMONICO



*Montrose (Neb.)
All-Stars*

I'd like to be a baseball player first. But I know I can't play baseball all my life so I'm going to study to be a draftsman or a general engineer. So after my days in the big leagues are over I will have a good profession and won't have to depend on a ballplayer's pension.

WILLIAM ROBINSON



*Delaware Township
(N.J.) All-Stars*

When I go to college I want to study business administration. I'm not sure what college to go to that teaches it, but when I grow older I'll be more advanced and I'll meet people who will advise me. But I want to play baseball as long as I can, in high school, college and after.

TOM JORDAN



*Roswell (N.Mex.)
All-Stars*

Just like my father, a baseball player and rancher. My dad caught for the Cleveland Indians, the Chicago White Sox and the St. Louis Browns. I'm just like my dad. [Jordan pitched his team to the Little League championship and won his own game 3-1, with a vicious homer.—ED.]

STANLEY HARTFORD



*Celina (Calif.)
All-Stars*

I'd like to be a big league baseball player, but I want to do something else at the same time. Something like Stan Musial does. He's smart. He saves his money and puts it in a restaurant. I could do that and I like to cook. Sometimes I cook a whole meal for the family.

ROBERT WOODLEY



*Celina (Calif.)
All-Stars*

A dentist. My uncle is a dentist. He tells me that's much better for a boy than to play baseball for money. So I told him O.K. But most of all I want to play baseball. If I am any good and if dentistry interferes with baseball, I'll give up dentistry like Gary Middleoff did. There's a smart guy.

FERRELL DUNHAM



*Roswell (N.Mex.)
All-Stars*

I don't know yet, but I would settle for a big league baseball career. I hope to go to college and I'll know better then. [Dunham was voted the outstanding Little League of 1968 and was awarded a four-year scholarship to Lycoming College in Williamsport, Pa.—ED.]

JIMMY MCGLYNN



*Upper Darby (Pa.)
All-Stars*

Do I have to be anything but a baseball player? Sure, I know. It's not smart to dig ditches after you're through in baseball. So I'll study mechanical engineering. Two of my uncles are engineers. I can be an engineer in the off-season. If I do half as well as my uncles I'd be O.K.

FRED SHAPIRO



*Delaware Township
(N.J.) All-Stars*

I want to be a baseball player, not just a minor leaguer, and if I can't be that I want to be an electronics engineer. I fool around with TV now. I want to learn how to run the brain machines. [Shapiro pitched the first perfect no-hit game in Little League history.—ED.]

DICK COSTELLO



*Upper Darby (Pa.)
All-Stars*

I haven't made up my mind yet. I'm only 14, you know. First, I want to have a lot of fun right straight through college. I hope my marks will be good enough for college. My folks want me to go. There's time enough to think what I want to do after I get out of college.

NEXT WEEK:

How important is a jockey to a horse?

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

CAREFUL READERS of our masthead on the following page this week will notice under Special Contributors a new but familiar name which takes its place first on the list. As a special contributor to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Dr. Roger Bannister, now a practicing physician and retired from competitive running, not only will appear from time to time as a columnist in these pages but in November will join *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s editorial team at the Olympic Games. His opening article will be part of our special Olympic issue planned for November 19. He will then report from Australia on the games as they are played.

The accident of the alphabet which makes Roger Bannister first among our special contributors is probably one of the few firsts in his career where accident has played anything more than an incidental role.

Instead, Bannister combined rare purposefulness and planning with his powers of imagination and physical and mental endurance to be first to break the mile's four-minute barrier; and the same qualities were discernible again three months later when he finished first in the "Mile of the Century" at Vancouver, defeating the great John Landy.

There are other firsts connected with Roger Bannister which have a special meaning for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. The story of the Vancouver mile led off our first issue, and no story in the long history of sport could have marked the occasion better. At the end of 1954, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* named its first Sportman of the Year. It had to be Roger Bannister.

As those who read his autobiography in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* last year have reason to know, Bannister has already shown the same qualities in his writing which made him a great runner—keen perception and a sense of balance, proportion and humor.

In the concluding section of his autobiography Bannister wrote: "No one can say, 'You must not run faster than this, or jump higher than that.' The human spirit is indomitable."

One reason Roger Bannister could write these words is that he has proved them.



ROGER BANNISTER

Harry Phillips

Sportswear ILLUSTRATED



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COMING EVENTS

Sept. 28 through October 7

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OTHERWISE NOTED

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

Basketball

Brooklyn vs. Pittsburgh (TV), Brooklyn.
St. Louis vs. Milwaukee (TV), St. Louis.

Racing

● Indy: Sordelli vs. Sabelt, Boyd, middleweights, Cleveland (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

Southern California vs. Oregon St., Los Angeles.

Hockey

Olvy Cup play, American-European Intercity East, Forest Hills, N.Y. (through Sept. 30).

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

Basketball

● New York vs. Boston, New York, 1:45 p.m. (ABC).
Brooklyn vs. Pittsburgh, Brooklyn.
Chicago vs. Cincinnati, Chicago.
St. Louis vs. Milwaukee (TV), St. Louis.

Racing

Indy: Tapp, unlimited weights, Elizabeth City, N.C. (also Sept. 30).

Football

(Leading college games)

LAT

Army vs. VMI, West Point, N.Y.
Boston U. vs. Massachusetts, Boston.
Bridgeton vs. Tufts, Brunswick, Me.
● Colgate vs. Cornell, Hamilton, N.Y., 1:45 p.m. (NBC)*. Men to watch: Colgate's Guy Martin (27) & Cornell's Guy Robinson (24).
Columbia vs. Brown, New York.
Dartmouth vs. New Hampshire, Hanover, N.H.
Middlebury vs. Wesleyan, Middlebury, Vt.
Rutgers vs. William & Mary, Williamsburg, Pennsylvania vs. Penn St., Philadelphia.
Pittsburgh vs. Syracuse, Pittsburgh.
Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton, N.J.
Trinity vs. Williams, Hartford, Conn.
West Virginia vs. Richmond, Morgantown, W. Va.
Yale vs. Connecticut, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Arkansas vs. Oklahoma A&M, Little Rock, Ark.
Baylor vs. Texas Tech, Waco, Texas.
Florida vs. Clemson, Greenville, Fla.
Georgia vs. Florida St., Athens, Ga.
Kentucky vs. Mississippi, Memphis.
Louisiana St. vs. Texas A&M, Baton Rouge.
Southern Methodist vs. Georgia Tech, Dallas.
Tennessee vs. Auburn, Birmingham, Ala.
Tulane vs. Texas, New Orleans.
Virginia vs. Duke, Charlottesville, Va.
Wake Forest vs. Maryland, Wake Forest, N.C.

WEST

● Illinois vs. California, Champaign, Ill., 7:30 p.m. (ABC).
● Indiana vs. Iowa, Bloomington, Ind., 1:15 p.m. S.D.T. (NBC)*. Men to watch: Indiana's Chris Dracowski (13) & Iowa's Kim Rhee (11).
Kansas vs. College of Pacific, Lawrence, Kan.
Michigan vs. UCLA, Ann Arbor, Ill. 15 a.m. P.D.T.
● (NBC)*. Men to watch: Michigan's Ron Hunter (17) & UCLA's Doug Bradley (12).
Northwestern vs. Iowa St., Evanston, Ill.
Ohio St. vs. Nebraska, Columbus, Ohio.
● Oklahoma vs. North Carolina, Norman, Okla., 4 p.m. (Mutual).
Purdue vs. Missouri, Lafayette, Ind.
Wisconsin vs. Marquette, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST

California vs. Kansas St., Boulder, Col.
Oregon vs. Idaho, Eugene, Ore.
Stanford vs. Michigan St., Palo Alto, Calif.
Washington vs. Minnesota, Seattle.

Horse Racing

The Woodward, \$75,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.
The Cardini, \$25,000, 2-yr.-olds, 6 f., Belmont Park, N.Y.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club sprint, Dayton, Ohio.
U.S. Auto Club stock car racing, Toledo, Calif.
NASCAR convertible racing, Asheville-Winston, N.C.

Football

(Professional)

Baltimore vs. Chicago Bears, Baltimore.
● Chicago Packers vs. Cleveland, Chicago, 1 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS)*.
● Green Bay vs. Detroit, Green Bay, Wis., 1 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS)*.
Los Angeles vs. Philadelphia, Los Angeles.
● Pittsburgh vs. Washington, Pittsburgh, 2 p.m. (CBS)*.
San Francisco vs. New York, San Francisco, 1:30 p.m. P.S.T. (CBS)*.

Horse & Field

Rail, A&A marathon, Los Angeles, R.S.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1

Racing

● Tommy Salkin vs. Johnny Sacco, lightweight (11 rds.), St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (De West).

Horse Racing

The Mactech Handicap, \$75,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2

Harness Racing

The Starline Purse, \$16,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, Lexington, Ky.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3

Basketball

● World Series opener, New York Yankees vs. National League champion, National League city, 12:45 p.m. (NBC-TV; Mutual-radio).

Racing

● Jimmy Backus vs. Hector Contreras, welterweights (10 rds.), Miami Stadium, Fla., 10 p.m. (ABC).

Horse Racing

The Loxwood Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4

Basketball

● World Series (second game)—New York Yankees vs. National League champion, National League city, 12:45 p.m. (NBC-TV; Mutual-radio).

Racing

Stomper boxing trials for 10-state area, Kansas City, Mo. (through Oct. 6).

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5

Basketball

● World Series (third game)—if Brooklyn is National League champion, Kansas Stadium, New York, 12:45 p.m. (NBC-TV; Mutual-radio). Open date if western club wins in National League.

Racing

● Tony Anthony vs. Clarence Harnett, light heavyweight (10 rds.), New Capitol Arena, Washington, D.C. (NBC).

Football

U. of Miami vs. Boston College, Miami (TV).
UCLA vs. Oregon, Los Angeles (TV).

Baseball

- World Series (third or fourth game, depending on whether Brooklyn or Boston is the winner in NL).
- Yankee Stadium, New York, 12:45 p.m. (ABC-TV; Mutual-radio).

Football

(college college games)

East

- Amherst vs. Union, Amherst, Mass.
- Amp vs. Penn St., West Point, N.Y.
- Bucknell vs. Lehigh, Lewisburg, Pa.
- Cornell vs. Rutgers, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Dartmouth vs. Lafayette, Hanover, Del.
- Harvard vs. Tufts, Cambridge, Mass.
- Holy Cross vs. Colgate, Worcester, Mass.
- Marland vs. Baylor, College Park, Md.
- Washington vs. Temple, Allentown, Pa.
- Pennsylvania vs. Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.
- Princeton vs. Columbia, Princeton, N.J.
- Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, Conn.

South & Southwest

- Alabama vs. Vanderbilt, Mobile, Ala.
- Auburn vs. Furman, Auburn, Ala.
- Baylor vs. Tennessee, Durham, N.C.
- Florida vs. Kentucky, Gainesville, Fla.
- Georgia vs. Mississippi-St., Athens, Ga.
- Mississippi vs. Houston, Jackson, Miss.
- North Carolina St. vs. Clemson, Raleigh, N.C.
- Rice vs. Louisiana St., Houston, Texas.
- South Carolina vs. North Carolina, Columbia, S.C.
- Texas vs. West Virginia, Austin, Texas.

- TCU vs. Arkansas, Fort Worth, Texas, 2:30 P.M. (ABC-TV).

- Texas Tech vs. Texas A&M, Dallas, Texas.
- Virginia vs. Wake Forest, Charlottesville, Va.
- William & Mary vs. Boston U., Williamsburg, Va.

West

- Iowa vs. Oregon St., Iowa City, Iowa.
- Purdue vs. Colorado, Lafayette, Kan.
- Michigan vs. Michigan St., Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Purdue, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Wisconsin vs. SMU, Columbia, Mo.
- Nebraska vs. Iowa St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Northwestern vs. Tulane, Evanston, Ill.
- Notre Dame vs. Indiana, South Bend, Ind.

- Ohio St. vs. Stanford, Columbus, Ohio, 2:30 p.m. (ABC-TV).

- Oklahoma vs. Kansas St., Norman, Okla.
- Nebraska vs. Oklahoma A&M, Wichita, Kan.
- Wisconsin vs. Southern California, Madison, Wis.

Far West

- California vs. Pittsburgh, Berkeley, Calif.
- Idaho vs. Washington St., Moscow, Idaho.
- Washington vs. Illinois, Seattle, Wash.

Professional

- Baltimore vs. Detroit, Baltimore.
- Philadelphia vs. Washington, Philadelphia.
- Pittsburgh vs. Cleveland, Pittsburgh.

Horse Racing

- Metropolitan Handicap, \$10,000, 3-year-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.
- San Mateo, \$25,000, 3-year-old fillies, 6 f., Belmont Park, N.Y.

Baseball

- World Series (fourth or fifth game, depending on NL outcome), Yankee Stadium, New York, 1:45 p.m. (ABC-TV; Mutual-radio).

Football

(Professional)

- Chicago Cardinals vs. New York, Chicago, 2 p.m. (CBS).
- Green Bay vs. Chicago Bears, Green Bay, Wis.
- San Francisco vs. Los Angeles, San Francisco.

*See local listing

Get the Point!
Casual Loom
is a Varsity Town
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The H. A. Seidman Co.
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**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**

OCTOBER 1, 1955

COCKY NATIONALS

Dodgers, Braves and Redlegs were in a vicious fight for the

by ROBERT CREAMER

FROM a baseball-mad city which had boasted loudly each of the past four seasons that its Braves would win the National League pennant and which this year—at long last—had a pretty good chance of doing just that, Milwaukee last week suddenly seemed to have stopped believing. In the past, win or lose, the noble hangers had been known to descend upon the airport by the thousands, even in the blaisiest hours of the night, to welcome the beloved Braves home. But not at one a.m. last Friday, when their heroes staggered back from a nightmarish road trip on which they had lost half of their games and all of their hopeful grip on first place.

Instead of finding cheering multitudes and brass bands and police escorts on hand to greet them as their chartered airliner came in from Pittsburgh, the Braves found only a few sleepy wives who weren't doing any cheering at all. These were, needless to say, no brass bands.

There was one cop in the vicinity,

but he didn't pick up the Braves' team bus until it was a half mile down the road from the airport heading for town, and even then he didn't bother to use his siren. He just drove up close, leaned out the window of his squad car and called over to the bus driver: "You're driving too fast, buddy. Better slow it down or I'll give you a ticket."

Such was the Braves' homecoming. It was altogether fitting and proper, too, in view of the way the Braves' run for the pennant had been jarred to a halt. They had led the league by three and a half games on Labor Day morning; in the next 18 days they lost 10 of the 18 games they played and fell to second, a full game behind Brooklyn. No wonder the Milwaukee Common Council voted down a proposal to spend \$5,000 of the city's money on a gala pennant celebration. (Though the Association of Commerce stepped in with an effort of its own to raise the money, being careful to point out to all prospective contributors that

the flag and hunting and posters—even a 30-foot figure of a Brave—would be kept carefully timeless in design, just in case the team didn't make it this year, and could be stored away "for the day when the pennant flag waves over Milwaukee.")

But the traffic cop could have served as a symbol for Brooklyn, too—indeed, as a symbol of the National League race. It seemed that every time one of the contenders slipped away into a lively winning streak the whistle of defeat was blown.

For instance, at the moment the law threatened the Braves' ride into town the various members of the Brooklyn Dodgers were speeding west through the Pennsylvania ridges toward Pittsburgh, safe under the protection of a one-game lead that was, this late in the season, as big and shiny as a policeman's badge. They had started their run just about the same time the Braves started their slump, on Labor Day. They had won 11 of 15 games (including three out of four from the



AND MIGHTY YANKS

pennant. All three looked exhausted, yet any one of them could knock over Casey's Yankees

and ROY TERRELL

Braves and the Cincinnati Redlegs, and they were solidly in first place.

Then in Pittsburgh Friday night the Pirates' Rennie Kline, striking a few curves with a startling knuckle, stopped not only the Dodgers but the trademarked, copyrighted hero, Sal Maglie, and beat Brooklyn 2-1. The Braves saw that score in big black numbers in Milwaukee in the third inning of their game with the Cubs, relaxed, almost blew a 5-1 lead but held on to win 6-4. Brooklyn's lead was reduced to .002 percentage points. The next day, Saturday, the Dodgers, appearing a bit disturbed that their fine September rush hadn't given them an insurmountable lead, were stopped cold again, this time by a retread left-handed relief pitcher, Luis Arroyo, who had been sent to the minors this season not once but twice. He threw seven balls at the Dodger right-handers and, with the aid of a last-inning burst of relief pitching by Bob Friend, beat Brooklyn 4-1. On the scoreboard in Pittsburgh the Braves were losing 2-0

to Chicago, but it was only the first inning and no matter what happened the Dodgers were at the moment undeniably in second place. If the Braves rallied and won, Brooklyn would be mud deep in second. The Braves fell behind 4-0, but then they did rally, finally scored—four times, in fact—to tie it up, with the last run coming, appropriately, on a ninth-inning homer by Jerry Johnny Logan. The crowd was on its feet and howling, and there wasn't a Milwaukee roster within miles who doubted that the Braves would win this one now.

Only they didn't. The Cubs scored in the top of the 10th, and the Braves had stumbled again, back into second place.

It had gotten to be a very strange situation. Optimism rose in either camp, not on the wings of faith that one's own team would win so much as on the somewhat more reliable feeling that the other team would lose. On Sunday they were both disappointed. Both muddled through to victory,

the Braves over the eighth-place Cubs as Bill Bruton's grand-slam home run, the Dodgers over the sixth-place Pirates as Duke Snider's bases-loaded double. In Pittsburgh the Dodgers kept a rain-soaked eye on Milwaukee's line on the scoreboard, and in Milwaukee the Braves watched Brooklyn.

Along about this time everyone became aware that the Cincinnati Redlegs, who had made periodic growling noises at the league lead all summer (only to follow the pattern and fall flat on their large faces), were suddenly making again. They had been killed and buried in Brooklyn the weekend before, but now they rose from the ground with a sweep of four games over the Cardinals and were right there, only a game and a half behind the distraught leaders and in a simply marvelous position to fashion a miracle and win the pennant. No one with any sense believed Cincinnati would really pull it off, but neither did anyone with any sense want to give very big odds

continued on next page

YANKEE VS. NATIONALS

(continued from page 1)

that the Redlegs wouldn't, now that they had repaired their pulverizing home run touch and were once again careening toward a new major league home run record. Especially not with the way the Braves and the Dodgers were pummeling along.

Still, pussyfooting or not, the Braves and the Dodgers were in a much better position for the pennant than the Redlegs. The Dodgers, in particular, were in good shape, what with their last five games scheduled for Ebbets Field, whereas Milwaukee's remaining four games and Cincinnati's final two were away from home. Again, the Dodgers were relying on huge Don Newcombe, and neither Milwaukee, for all its wealth of pitching, nor Cincinnati had such a reliable pitcher. Newcombe's win over the Pirates was his 25th of the season, more than any Dodger pitcher had won in 10 years.

The Dodgers were in the best position despite the fact that they were obviously not the Dodgers they had been two, three, four, five years before and despite the fact that the Braves were almost certainly the best-manned and best-balanced team in the league. The Dodgers—with the buoyant memory of last year's World Series victory over the Yankees bolstering their confidence—would go into the Series with that same strange, cheerful calm that had marked so much of their play through this last month of the season. The Braves, on the other hand, were an enigma.

It wasn't so much the pitching or the batting or even the games the Braves had won and lost. If the mil-lions—not only in Milwaukee but all across the nation—who have costed so hard all summer for the Braves to beat out the Dodgers for the pennant were finally becoming disenchanted, it was because of the Braves themselves. They were just going along, playing the kind of baseball they had been playing all year, no better and no worse, and not getting very excited about it at all.

"Why get excited?" said Del Frandall, the young and usually very serious team captain. "Nothing's any different now than it has been since the middle of July. It would be nice if you could do something different—get a hit every time you went up there or make all the plays without a miss—but you can't. Getting excited doesn't do any good."

Manager Fred Haney said, after great

deliberation: "It is a funny game. And this is a funny team."

"You'd almost think," a box-seat patron said, "that they didn't care."

They do, of course. Any team cares about a pennant and the rich gravy of a World Series share. But there was the strong possibility just the same that the Braves didn't care quite enough. They just weren't acting like champions. They hadn't choked up, as so many felt they would. But they hadn't seemed to any heights either. And in the talent-studded National League you have to rise to heights to beat second-division clubs, because second-division clubs in the National League throw pitchers at you like Ron Kline and Robin Roberts and Sam Jones and John Amos and Bob Friend. Not just good pitchers doing a mechanical job, but proud athletes hungry for victory over a superior team. Friend, sitting in the Pirate clubhouse sipping on a bottle of beer, his warm, round face wreathed with smiles after stepping the Dodgers with an overpowering inning of relief pitching, said: "This is fun. This is the way it was in the early part of the season, when we were in first place."

It was fun for all the Pirates. For example, during the season Manager Bobby Hagan ordered beer in as a treat after double-headers. As the Pirates came into the final weeks of the season and faced few double-headers but plenty of games with the pennant contenders, Hagan proclaimed there'd be beer after every game the Pirates won. Last week Pittsburgh knocked over the Braves, then the Dodgers, then the Dodgers again. After the third victory, a Pirate player laughed aloud and said, "My God, they're out there playing for \$10,000 and we're out there playing for a bottle of beer."

And relaxing it. So much so that hard-won victories over teams playing for pride and beer were gratefully welcomed by Braves, Dodgers and Redlegs. Such solid strength in the second division may help to explain why the cocky National League is convinced that it is superior to the American League and why it feels that its pennant winner, as champion of a better league, should be expected to defeat the champion of an inferior league. Consistently tough opposition, the argument goes, will leave the club that finally wins the National League title well-tuned, well-tested and gnarled

when it takes the field in the World Series against the New York Yankees.

The Yankees, of course, were completely unimpressed by all this. They had swept through every problem that had confronted them during the season with an effortless superiority that led their followers to assume—as Yankees followers always assume—that victory for New York is inevitable. The National League had the pitchers? Well, what about Pierce and Seaver and Lemon and Brener and Lary and Host? Don't try to tell a Yankee fan that this 22nd pennant came easily because the opposition was futile. He'll counter with evidence to prove that victory was the result of skillful, courageous pitching by Whitey Ford, John Kuckard and Tom Seaver, and strong, timely hitting by nongarrels like Mickey Mantle and Yogi Berra.

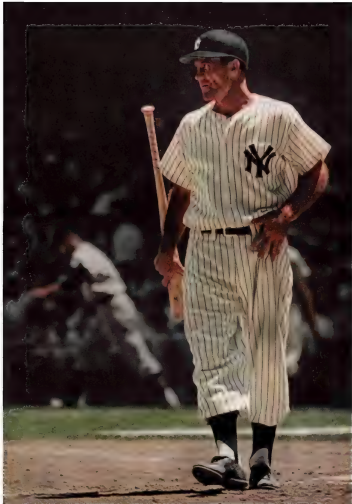
Mantle, by all odds the player of the year, left support to this argument by dramatically hitting his 50th home run in the 10th inning of a thrilling game that Ford pitched at Comiskey Park in Chicago to clinch the pennant. When the batting title he had expected to win easily was threatened by Ted Williams, Mantle fought out of a slump, picked up his hitting pace and forged out ahead of Williams again.

There were others, the craftsmen, sought in the attitudes of their trade in fine-order photographs by Arthur Dwyer and Hy Poskin on the opposite and succeeding pages, who made up a hard spine of Yankee strength. And there was Casey Stengel, whom Leo Durocher, in a discussion of major league managers, dismissed as a genius, implying it was unfair to the other managers to compare them with Stengel. Casey was Gerald Adelman's once as page 54 made his line team like an Eddie Amaro, short for everything, ready for anything, absolutely in command of his environment.

It was difficult somehow to bring a team so well-mannered and so confidently sure of itself to the realization that it was about to be beaten by a better team from a better league. Logic insisted the Yankees would lose to the Nationals, and so did sentiment, which always runs against anything so blatantly successful as the New York Yankees. The Yankees didn't bother to argue. Instead, they waited, quietly eyeing the howling National League race with just a touch of bored disdain.

END

Goat Hank Bauer typifies Yankee determination as, gripping bat, he strides to the plate, glaring murderously at the pitcher

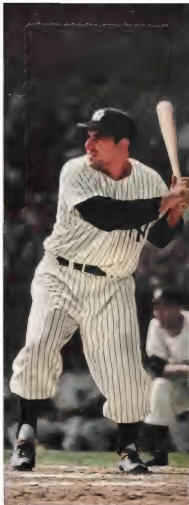
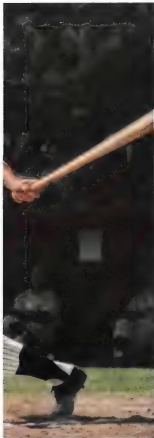


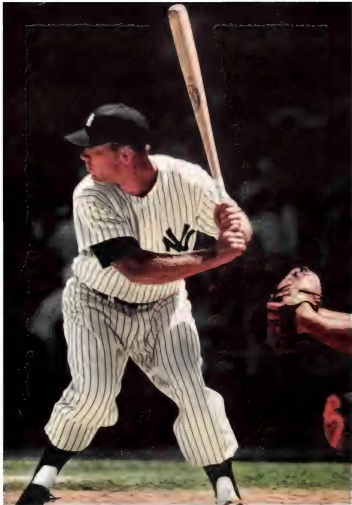


Gil McDougald (left) rubs up bat as he looks toward third base coach for signal. Bill Skowron (below), eyes on flight of



ball, tings bat aside and digs hard for first. Stocky Yogi Berra (right) holds bat high, squints, waits for pitcher to throw





SERIES CRITIQUE

An appraisal of team chances in the 1955 World Series, plus
detailed Scouting Reports on players' strengths, weaknesses

PITCHING

On paper, Yankee pitching stacks up better against patchwork Dodger staff and weak Redleg crew than it does against Braves' glittering array of five starters, but, paradoxically, Yankee pitching would likely be more effective against Milwaukee. Major reason is that Yankee Ace Ford has to start in Ebbets Field or Crosley Field, the two smallest parks in the majors, where Dodger or Redleg power hitters have best chance of coaxing him. In spacious County Stadium, Ford's control could be used to fox hitters to better advantage. Variety pitchers (Kucks, Sturdivant) might bother both

Brooklyn and Cincinnati, but fast-balls (Turley, Larsen) are looked on hungrily by muscular Dodgers and Reds (the Braves are easier to stifle with speed). Braves' Burdette, Buhl (if they regain mid-season effectiveness) and Spain could stun Yanks. Redleg pitching is admittedly weak but Tabbs' hardling gets maximum out of it, and Bonds knows the A.L. Dodgers gain from fact that Maglie and Newcombe start in Ebbets, where top pitching is must against Yanks. Secondary Dodger starters would be more apt to escape damage in Stadium. All three N.L. clubs have a definite edge over New York in relief pitching, which can be vital in Series.

RATING

1. MILWAUKEE
2. BROOKLYN
3. NEW YORK
4. CINCINNATI

HITTING

Mantle and Berra are the only Yankee batters who really worry opposition hurlers. Both can't be throttled through an entire Series, but it is possible to check the flood of Yankee runs by concentrating on the Martins, McDougalds, Bauers, et al., who poke the sacrifice flin and the run-scoring grounders and get themselves in scoring position for someone else's run-scoring grounder or sacrifice fly. The Yanks are good, but Cincinnati's power is the batting story of 1955: a murderer's row of home run sluggers, bounded by smart, skillful singles hitters and backed up by a

muscular bench. Yank pitchers will be in unknown country against Reds and could be badly hurt. As for the Braves, sudden devastating slumps were endemic to Milwaukee, but this is basically a soundly balanced hitting team built around three extremely formidable bats: Aaron, Mathews, Adcock. Dodger hitting this season has been operating in a slump economy but it's been far more timely really than Dodger hitting traditionally is supposed to be. It is still two-thirds raw muscle and still utilizes fast, smart base running (Jackie Robinson on base is an immediate deterrent to the fine art of pitching).

1. CINCINNATI
2. MILWAUKEE
3. NEW YORK
4. BROOKLYN

FIELDING

The Yankees are beautifully trained: a stupid or careless play is rewarded with the rough edge of Stengel's sarcastic tongue, and the starting player thereafter audaciously avoids a similar offense. Yank infield is brilliant at second, short, third down through the third string. Berra is agile as a middleweight behind the plate. And Mantle and Bauer are far-ranging, sure-handed, rifle-arm outfielders. First base (when it's Stinson) and left field fall off a little. Remarkable Redlegs (oh, how they could use Milwaukee's pitching) generally match Yanks in field (if Grammas and Bailey are at third and

catch) with only immobile Klusmewald at first a weak spot. But brilliance of McMillan and Temple around second base gives Clary the edge. Dodger defense is also very sound, but aging Dodger fielders (with very notable exceptions of Hodges and Reese) are obviously a little slower than of yore, a little less likely to make the great last-minute catch. (Still, there's always Sandy Amos.) Yank, Clary, Brooklyn defenses prevent by airtight play runs which Milwaukee's defense allows because of ordinary first-basing, below-par second-basing, uninspired third-basing and occasionally erratic left-fielding.

1. CINCINNATI
2. NEW YORK
3. BROOKLYN
4. MILWAUKEE

THE SUM UP

The National League entry will have survived a close race in a tough league and should not find the Yankees as hard to beat as the power and pitching they had to overcome. Milwaukee's pitching superiority gives them a valuable plus, and the clever or Milwaukee batting will not be easy for Yankee

pitchers to solve the first-time out. Nor would the Redlegs, whose prowess at bat (and in the field) should make up for deficiencies on the mound, be any easier. Brooklyn is not as good a bet on paper, but an impressive aura of confidence, the presence of Maglie, the revived Robinson and the fortuitous scheduling gives Brooklyn the edge too.

- MILWAUKEE
vs.
NEW YORK
- BROOKLYN
vs.
NEW YORK
- CINCINNATI
vs.
NEW YORK

THE PITCHERS

**18** **WHITEY FORD**

Throws L. Record 19-3, ERA 3.00. One of the most highly respected pitchers in history, all his best in the tough game. Serious stuff, but big enough to throw good fast ball of excellent curve. Has passing knowledge, sound knowledge of hitters. Pitches smart. Would rather make dangerous man than give him fast pitch. Has superb pickoff move to first.

**53** **JIMMY KETCH**

Throws R. Record 14-5, ERA 4.41. Developed into one of league's best after only two years of organized ball following mediocre 8-7 record as big league rookie last year. Keeps ball low, has good speed and excellent curve. Control, which hurt him at times in '74, has been no problem this year. Tall and slender, moves and fields position well.

**47** **TOM SEAVER**

Throws R. Record 14-6, ERA 3.35. Another second-year man whose performance was even bigger surprise than that of Ketch; took up good deal of slack left by failure of Melvin, mostly mediocre showing of Larson, Turley, Byrne. Has good fast ball that rises, falling away from right-hand batter and highly effective knuckle. A real batter.

**23** **TOMMY BYRNE**

Throws L. Record 7-3, ERA 4.48. Early-season flirter—has left him far behind brilliant 16-5 comeback record of '74. Still very tough in spots. Has good fast ball and curve but his pitch is slider. Control, once a problem, is good. Sometimes talks to hitters, works fast and with great relaxation; almost impossible to rattle. One of baseball's best hitting pitchers.

THE HITTERS

**7** **MIKEY MANTLE, CF**

Bats L-R. .324 avg. 52 HR. His apparent to Ruth despite late-season slump. Can beat you a dozen ways. Terrific power from either side, wonderful speed on bases or in field, powerful arm. Will hit it over fence or burn for hit. Pitch him high and right, slip in occasional cutter, move ball around—and pray. Only 24, this is his fifth World Series.

**8** **YOGI BERRA, C**

Bats L. .311 avg. 29 HR. Probably best clutch hitter in the game. Remarkable vision. Line drives toward plate right-handed stands in outfield; play him right around to right. Pitch him high and inside, slip fast ball across on outside after setting it up—but don't try this often. No. 1 catcher in baseball; strong arm, never drops balling.

**9** **MARK BUEHR, RF**

Bats R. .249 avg. 26 HR. Aggressive, mean competitor with one of great arms in baseball; don't run on him. Has had bad year average-wise, but don't let that fool you. Look at his home-run figure and 92 RBIs; he can hit the long ball. Can be fooled by a curve, and right-handers can sidestep him effectively. Still a strong Yankee base runner.

**1** **BILLY MARTIN, 3B**

Bats R. .368 avg. 9 HR. This his year; always a scrapper, he came to the heights in a World Series. Sparking of Yankee infield, solid defensive man, sure on double play. Lacks real speed but runs bases well, takes chances, will steal. Not much power, sponge hits all fields, tough in clutch. Lows pitch up high; work ball around down low.

**12** **GIL MCDUGALD, SS**

Bats R. .308 avg. 12 HR. After playing second and third, took over at short this year as though he owned it. Terrific defensive help. Strong platoon man over entire Yankee infield. Outstanding fast-ball hitter; one fast ball only as waste pitch, curve him, change up, move ball around. Has fair power, good speed, runs bases well, will burn and steal.

**14** **BILL SKOWRON, 2B**

Bats R. .308 avg. 23 HR. Parks great power to all fields but has hit in streaks this year. Carry no longer platoon him against left-handers. Pitch him fast and very tight, try to make him chase low one occasionally. His curve well, makes anything high and across outside corner. Only fair defensively but impressive. Respectively fast.



BOARD OF STRATEGY



18 DON LARSEN

Throws R. Record 1967-71, 10-10, 3.00. Your erratic lefty tougher than nails when right. Big, hard-throwing fast-baller who can overpower the hitter but depends on speed alone; his good slider, though occasional, makes this year developed an effective change of pace. Temperamental and sometimes rather easily. Very good hitter.



19 BOB TURLEY

Throws R. Record 6-4, ERA 4.09. Big, strong and powerful—but wild. Yankees are still waiting for him to live up to potential. Fast ball shines, but when he wants to use it in attempt to gain control, he's easy to hit. Approaches have lost confidence; tactical positioning, Curcio's coach needs another pitch. Also past Yankee pitcher's good hitter.



37

CASEY STENGEL made it look easy as he sent the Yankees off fast for their seventh pennant under his leadership. Still the master jockey, Casey plays percentages all the way. His gambles, he makes one based on sound theory. **BILLY SKIDDEY** handles the first-base coaching box, while **FRANKIE KHOSHTA** made the runners home from third. **JOE JIM TURNER** is responsible for the pitchers.

THE NEW YORK BEACH gives Stengel the working room he needs. **JOE JOHNSON** (R) and **BILLY HUNTER** (R) are valuable utility infielders who can play second, short or third. **JOE ELLISON HOWARD** (R), a fair outfielder and good catcher, hits with power. **JOE BOB CERV** (R), a power hitting pinch-hitter, and **ROCKY** **JOHN** **JOHN** (L) are adequate outfield replacements. Infielder **JOE TOM CARROLL** (R), catcher **JOE CHARLIE SILVERA** (R) and outfielder **JOE ROBERT WILSON** (L) will see little action. **JOE BOB GRIM** (R), No. 1 reliever, could start. **JOE MORRIS R.**, **JOE JOHNSON** (L) and **JOE HENRY HENRICKS** (L) will be used mainly in relief.



17 MIKE SLAUGHTER, LP

Throws L. 379 avg. 2 H.R. In short series, old 19. Country could look like a sophomore. Still gets his hits, handles all the time, adequate defensively if a little slower. Looked great in late season. Yankee games and runs came about of Hankie Roberts. Second-year Mike Howard. Lanes a high pitch he can pull but will stop the outside pitch (only). Keep ball live.



6 ANDY CAREY, LP

Throws L. 217 avg. 7 H.R. Good defensive infielder with strong arm, one of best at handling bunts. As pinch guy, by on determination, and is not standard hitter. Will hit to opposite field a lot, good as hit-and-run, power only fair. Good shut down his and away will get him out; curve him, use changeup. Has fair speed, runs bases well, will steal.



15 JOE COLLINS, LP-OF

Throws L. 229 avg. 7 H.R. Not a high-average hitter but a very dangerous one; No. 1 Yankee pinch-hitter against right-handers, is famed for breaking up tight games. Murders low balls. Will probably see little action in outfield, having injuries, but may sub for Skowron. A magician with the glove at first base, less talented defensively in outfield.



YANKEE STADIUM has lived the arena of 51 World Series games since it was built in 1923. So vast that no one has ever hit a fair ball out of it, the stadium's triple-decked stands cast troublesome shadows in the late innings. The hitter who can pull a ball sharply will find the short foul lines to his liking but long balls to the spacious corners of center field are easy outs.



YANKEE STADIUM

BROOKLYN DODGERS



THE PITCHER

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36 Threw R. again.
 Rec. 36-4. ERA
 1.54. The windless
 pitcher in majors. Will
 overpower batter with
 fast ball, fool him with
 sharp, down-breaking
 slider, changeup or
 real razor-sharp. Dun-
 ham with real power.
 (Sullivan, who is, except 3-2-3)



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26



35 **Tim Lincecum**, Seattle Mariners, 1B-3B, ERA 3.07. Old (39) 3rd is comeback pitcher of the year; his work in stretch drive was vital to Dodgers. Along with excellent control and knowledge of hitters, has perhaps the best curve ball in league. Timless, and a great character.



41 **THOMAS, R.**, bats R.
Pos. 3-B. ERA
3.00. Has appeared in
seven of last 13 Dodgers
World Series games
and might easily be
called Series' most fa-
miliar sight walking in
from bullpen. Has all requirements of
good reliever: pain, control and platoon
(left and right) which break down

THE AUTHORS

DOI: 10.1002/for



I Rafe E. throws R. 380 avg. 9 HR. At 37, still a marvel of consistent skill: nearly flawless outfield, remarkable base runner. Shows off better when he can hurt you with his power ball. Can hit-and-run, cribic, squeeze, Curve (20).



0000-0001-9300-0000

19 **Bats R-L. Throws R-L.** And avg. 6 Hlt. Insiders' choice for most valuable Dodgers of year. Switch hitter, fast, curve ball; set him up with career outside and change, then come in with fast ball. A topflight baserunner and a sometimes brilliant instigator. Only fair to outfield.



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39 **Wats R., throws R.**
.218 avg. 18 HR.
 Despite one thumb
 and a spinal surgery
 other-year slump, still
 a pull hitter with great
 power. Death on high
 fast balls; pitch him
 curve outside, move ball around. Very
 quick behind plate, sane receiver, good
 arm. Known Yankee hitler.

Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; self-blame; social support



4 **Ram** L., throws R., .287 avg. 35 HR. Strides out a lot but can hit almost anything over the fence. Likes low fast ball, but can hit high outside pitch with pitch him high, right way. Great fielder with on the base.



6 **Bats R., throws R.**
206 avg. 33 HR.
When a lot of games for Dodgers with clutch hits. Like last bats but will punch more outside for extra bases to right. Curve him low and inside. In the field appears to have slowed down a little but will have one of best throwing arms in the game.



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

15 **Reto L.** (*Reto L.*, 2558 avg. 73 HR). Despite low average, is dangerous hitter with real power for his size. Very good fast baller; pitch him breaking stuff inside, an occasional curve low and away. Not an outstanding fielder; although fast and quick, not a dangerous base runner.

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42 **Batski**, throws R.
JTB avg. 9 HR.
(part-time player in
early season but real
mainstay in stretch
run) great in clutch.
Likes breaking stuff,
so pitch him last and

[illegible]

14 **Fats R.** **Charles R.**
#228 avg. 20 HR.
This wasn't his best
year but he can still
break up the ball
game. Good fast-ball
hitter with real pow-
er, but very weak on
breaking stuff; curve him low and out-
side, good bunter, runs base well, a
center with the glove around West.

[illegible]

2 **Hase R.**, throws R. .225 avg. 8 HR. After last start, broke out of season accident and has chance to remain Dodger regular. Now fits in for Robinson, pinch-hits. A good infielder with power. Likes fast pitch, above-average curve-ball hitter. Fitch his right, never ball around.

BOARD OF STRATEGY AND RESERVES

1999-2000 2000-2001 2001-2002

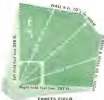


24 Akins has done a remarkable job with his aging, slumping team, although he gives much credit to an old maxim, pitching coach, for mound

staff's surprising effectiveness. In reality, however, as this and in some other studies are revealed, baseline results

THE SEAGULLS were sure to speed and deliver, leaving nothing to wonder for most part, with the exception of

small intervals (LI) is given frequently (RI), or, at shorter intervals (RI), Mo, and a third interval (RI), are also given more, just on occasion. In all, however (LI) and is given frequently (RI) are also given just reliable relief for Coughs. Likely starting patches are in Coughs, Mo, (RI), followed by some, an, and, in some (RI) and in some (LI). It is also given just reliable relief for Coughs, in Mo, 2. follow. Other patches are in Coughs, Mo, (LI), in Coughs, (LI), in Coughs, (LI).

[illegible]



MILWAUKEE BRAVES

THE PITCHERS

LEW BURDETTE



33 Throws R, bats R. Rec. 19-10, ERA 2.94. League leader in ERA most of season. Has pin-point control. Throws slider, curve, fast ball with any one of these motions. Slider or screwball tremendously effective. Flipsy on mound, throws with peculiar motion. Tough competitor.

WERNER SPAN



21 Throws L, bats L. Rec. 19-10, ERA 2.94. A "cute" pitcher with wonderful control. He throws good fast ball, slow curve, fast curve and change-up. Smart, knows his own stuff, has deadly move in fast. Excellent fielder, best hitter on staff. One of only four active 200-game winners.

BOB BAILEY



10 Throws R, bats R. Rec. 19-8, ERA 3.23. Primarily a fast ball pitcher but throws good curve and slider. Control has vastly improved this year. Always had good stuff but which confidence makes him doubly tough now, by his breaking pitch when behind. Throws with jerky motion.

THE HITTERS

HENRY ALLEN, OF



44 Bats R, throws R. .330 avg. 38 HR. Extraordinary wrist-control of bat. Good curve-ball hitter, good fast-ball hitter. Likes right pitch. Hit in all fields. Keep ball high and tight but don't show him same pitch twice. Good fielder. Fast enough but realize fast runner.

JERRY LONER, OF



23 Bats R, throws R. .280 avg. 15 HR. High-strung, emotional, will put everything into every game. A clutch hitter, smart baser, good hit-and-run man, smart base runner. Fast-ball hitter, likes 'em inside. Throws him a little of everything. Is a threat, capable fielder with any arm.

BOBBY THOMPSON, OF



25 Bats R, throws R. .333 avg. 59 HR. Hit inside left's wall last night. Hit home runs and ran well home down line. Throws his curve low. Fully recovered from broken ankle, he's one of fastest in game. Paradoxically, he's a terrible base runner. Great range in field, adequate arm.

JOE ARNONE, 1B



9 Bats R, throws R. .289 avg. 37 HR. Big, rangy, with tremendous power. Keep ball low and away but run it around. Throws hits at times, will trip up outside pitch. Looks for it, gets hit a lot. Power to left-center. Not great fielder but good on throws in dirt.

BOB CRABBE, 2B



1 Throws R, bats R. .288 avg. 14 HR. The team captain. A good catcher who never reached heights predicted for him. He's a low-average hitter with plenty of power. With his low, inside fast ball for homer. Curve him, low and away. Has good arm. Is slow, no threat on bases.

GARY GREENBELL, 3B



4 Bats R, throws R. .288 avg. 3 HR. Always thinking at the plate, good hit-and-run man but is not a real hot threat. Keep ball low and curve him. Give it good try in field and will make spectacular play now and then. Run range is limited and he's inaccurate on batted throws.

ERDIE MATHEWS, 3B



41 Bats L, throws R. .271 avg. 38 HR. Pull hitter with powerful swing. Stadium's right field seats will never close. Runs from right couch, can hit anything. Pitch him away, low and tight, high and away. Surprisingly fast. Pretty good before despite usual approach.

BILL BRUTON, OF



38 Bats L, throws R. .265 avg. 7 HR. Has lightning speed. Primarily a singles hitter who picks up extra bases with his feet. Hits through middle a lot. Likes fast balls, so feed him curves. Bill is a constant threat on bases. Has impressive range as catcher and a good arm.

GARY PARKS, OF



48 Bats R, throws R. .260 avg. 2 HR. One of new Braves with World Series experience. Can still hit for distance. Keep the ball away from him. Any line is low and close. First-pitch hitter. A real battler. Still a good fielder who covers plenty of ground and has a fine arm.

BOARD OF STRATEGY AND RESERVES

BOB MATHY, MGR.



2 Jumped from coach to manager when Gillette quit at midseason. Will go to bat if sluggers fall. Considered almost to be a coach.

A JOHN MURPHY will be in opposite coaching box. MURPHY is responsible for team pitching staff in league. M. BOB WELLS, bullpen coach and batting practice catcher.

handed, complemented strong right-handed starting lineup is **ERDIE MATHEWS** (L), can hit anything, in **BOB CRABBE** (L), rough on dex. stuff, in **BOBBY THOMPSON** (L), a **JOE ARNONE** (R) and a **JOE CRABBE** (L) are good defensive catch. 1 **BOB MATHY** (R) may share catching, with in **JOE ARNONE** (L) in **BOBBY THOMPSON** (R), in **BOB CRABBE** (R), in **JOE ARNONE** (L), in **BOB MATHY** (R) and in **JOE CRABBE** (L), will suit from bullpen.



CINCINNATI REDLEGS



THE PITCHERS

BROOKS LAWRENCE



46 Throws R, bats R. Rec. 12-10, ERA 4.02. Trained away by Cards after miserable season, has been strong man of Redleg pitching staff and biggest winner. Has sharp control, good curve and sinker. Very strong; can pitch effectively with three days' rest, sometimes works in relief.

JOE MURKALL



39 Throws L, bats L. Rec. 13-11, ERA 3.59. Big of lost 3, 233 pounds) and fast, control trouble has kept him from approaching fine '56 record when he led league in shutouts, won 17 games. Throws very hard, but mixes pitches—well; also has curve, slider and changeup.

HERBELL FREEMAN



30 Throws R, bats R. Rec. 12-5, ERA 3.48. AL, named also came to Cincy in '55, has been excellent relief pitcher. Perhaps the big reason Ted-tens has been able to keep team so high with weakest pitching staff among contenders. His fast ball smokes, is almost always down low.

THE HITTERS

TED CLARKEHEAD, RF



18 Bats L, throws L. .332 avg. 35 HR. Slow and heavy, but still someone to watch at plate. Develops ball, hits vicious line drives over when off home-run range. Murders high balls, but can hit anything. Pitch him low, breaking stuff, move the ball around. Chances low curve and changeup.

JOHNNY FEMPLE, LF



16 Bats R, throws R. .283 avg. 2 HR. Flyer, highly competitive—out of ball club. In field quick and fast, with wonderful timing, accurate arm. Works with McMillan like well-oiled machine. Red has runner on team; watch him. Not strong but can hit anything; try to keep ball low.

BO BRADY, C



6 Bats L, throws R. .282 avg. 28 HR. Underappreciated master trick at Cincinnati, has been great young catcher this year. Batting leader first half of season. Good receiver with strong, accurate arm. His cobs and with power, likes fast ball pitching. Get him out as low-breaking stuff.

FRANK ROBINSON, LF



20 Bats R, throws R. .296 avg. 38 HR. Without doubt, major league model of the star, contributor to home-run title. Best pull hitter on the team, with great power. Fair speed and range in field, adequate arm. When pitch out over plate, has trouble with slow curve and fast ball inside.

BOB McMILLAN, RF



11 Bats R, throws R. .294 avg. 3 HR. One of best shortstops in baseball history. Marvellous instincts, great range, sure hands and powerful, accurate arm; magician on double play. Not topflight hitter but good in clutch. When fast ball up high, hits to right. Runs bases well.

ALAN LAMARSH, RF



10 Bats R, throws R. .253 avg. 9 HR. Obtained from Cards in early season, both his glove and bat have been great help. Slick defensively, on short-stop has wide range and fine arm, helps make Redleg infield among best. No home-run threat, but good fast-ball hitter; pitch him inside.

COS-BELL, CF



25 Bats L, throws R. .282 avg. 29 HR. Hands with Mace and Bender at top of NL roster; delivers down everything well. Good speed, vast range, strong arm, runs bases well. Hits with real power, likes fast ball up high, frequently cuts at first pitch. Curve him low, move ball around.

WALLY PIST, RF



28 Bats R, throws R. .240 avg. 38 HR. Batting average off 60 points from '55 but can still break up the ball game. Great power; once weak on high right hit ball, now hits anything. Prefers fast ball over plate, so curve him low. Runs well, topflight fielder, has arm in Redleg outfield.

SMOKE MORGAN, C



7 Bats L, throws R. .272 avg. 11 HR. Short and chunky, he's our Redleg pinch-hitter, packs real power. His fast ball hard, curve almost as well; keep him off-balance, use changeup. Shares catching duty with Brady, but not as good a receiver, has much weaker arm; you can run on him.

BOARD OF STRATEGY AND RESERVES

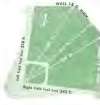
BOB THORNTON, MGR.



1 Tribune, the master psychologist, maneuvered and molded his team into heights no one else believed possible. A former McClellan coach's first, and a former Reds' headliner, a team manager has done an amazing job with an assortment of castoff pitchers.

THE CINCINNATI BUNCH features other power hitters who can step in if the regular sluggers slump. Only his glove keeps

1) RAY LAWRENCE (RF), hard-hitting third baseman, on bench, is **ROBERT KROWE** (LF), first baseman, is **BOB THORNTON** (LF) and **STAN PATE** (RF), outfielders, are dangerous pinch-hitters, as **JOHN MORGAN** (RF), utility/infielder, and a **WALLY PIST** (RF), catcher, are in reserve. **JOHN MORGAN** (RF), **BOB THORNTON** (RF) and **ALAN LAMARSH** (RF) are dual starters and relievers. **BOB MORGAN** (LF), **JOE MORGAN** (RF), **JOE MORGAN** (LF), **JOE MORGAN** (LF) and **JOE MORGAN** (LF) round out the bullpen.



FOOTLOOSE IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

On October 3 the World Series will begin—somewhere in the National League. Herewith a guide to the pleasures and the perils of three possible sites

BROOKLYN

by Herman Sutfon

THE territory of Brooklyn, which is sort of Texas without oil, occupies, to tell the bald truth, the southwest outcrop of Long Island, or that bulge of it where the island comes to meet like a giant ship in the harbor of New York.

Linked to Manhattan by eight subway lines, three bridges, one automobile tunnel and a state law, Brooklyn is still separatist enough to think of what lies across the East River as a place called New York, a haven for poets, squanders and the New York Giants. In the secret mind of its citizens it has probably long ago seceded from New York and, were it to do so officially, it would be the third largest city in the U.S. Among its three million citizens, about 12,000 live in the separate city, 46,000 in Flatlands, 100,000 in Coney Island, and very, very, nearly as many in Sunset Park in Brooklyn or in Sunset Park in Flatlands.

What brings together this Panhandle cartography is the common habitation of legends, the common acceptance of the highfalutin air that emanates from the labels that adhere to the west, a common defiant pride in the community and a common emotional identification with the Brooklyn Dodgers, that complex athletic symbol of the underdog, who last year—if you go by the way such things are measured—played the game of baseball better than anyone else in the world.

For the visitors who stand ready to launch the meat of the East River in case the Dodgers drop the pennant once more, not only are tickets printed, but the beds are turned down and the barbers are full. Aliens will find Brooklyn thrubbing around its village green, that tree-lined, bench-bordered, pigeon-coiled alleyway that graces Borough Hall, a town meeting place where more steps are shown off with a nap oblige than say, as any Brooklynite can tell you, "No listening."

A place to loiter before garbage



IN BROOKLYN, BECAUSE WHEN LOOK FOR THE ELEVATOR AND, ABOVE ALL ELSE, FOR DODGERS

would be Gage and Toller's, an aged eatery two blocks away which will, on Brooklyn Series game days, open for lunch at 10:00 in the morning. As always, it will serve its standard menu, which offers options 22 different ways—from "Baltimore broil" to "crunch fry,"—and littlemeats and cherry stokes. 26 ways, from "Boston steak" to "shell roast." "Belly broil," lightly dipped in butter and broiled over an electric, an omnivore's specialty. Bangers—near-shore, bare and eagles for longevity, the walls are done in old mortar and red velvet, and every evening in November you can dine by gaslight glowing from its original fixtures.

The public eats at Joe's, a vast array of polished palms, ceiling fans, white-tiled walls and restrooms, first opened in 1909 by Joe Bakerini, a former bookmaker from the Bronx. Joe's is now a scant hundred feet from the Dodgers home office and the staff eats there daily. When secret deals are making and lunchtime guests must be screened from public view, waiters and busboys bring the mountain to Joe Miller's.

Tucked under the Williamsburg Bridge is a Spartan establishment known as Peter Lager's, which serves sauce-and-a-half drinks, hot-and-three-quarter steaks, and two-buck chops. Peter Lager, who started the place in 1907, offered his customers no tablecloth, no menu and no money, but he became known nonetheless as the Red House of Red and in 1941 evolved into a New York City newspaper. The third generation runs the house just the same, which is to say you pay according to the weight of the steak, and all you can get at dinner

besides meat is french fried potatoes, sliced tomatoes and onions the size of a 16-pound shot.

Brooklyn's largest hotel, the St. George, has added so many rooms between 1964, when it opened, and 1970, when it built its tower section, that it is now the second largest hotel in the country. Ladies and gents can still live in separate houses at \$1.50 the night or \$16 a week, including use of the pool, but the hotel is also patronized by bankers and brokers who can, without ever coming up for air, take the subway from an office building entrance on Wall Street and emerge without intermediate stop in five minutes flat in the St. George lobby.

Two Dodger headquarters, should the home pennant to Flatlands, will be in the smaller, family-type Hotel Roosevelt, the seasonal home for Clem LaRue and Doc Rosent. For the occasion the Rosent has a new manager, Sefir Dan Leonard V. Ross, lately the manager of the Wellington, perhaps the most exclusive hotel in Madrid.

Mr. Ross's instructions are that food and drink are on the Dodgers during Series time. Says he, "If there is bread and there is circus everybody is happy." The Dodgers will supply the circus, and Dan Leonard will bring on the bread. He is, to be sure, a Maître Rotisseur in the Confédération des Maîtres Rotisseurs, a gastronomic order begun in 1248. Whether this means truffles on the pastrami up on Brooklyn Heights, nobody knows yet. As Truman Capote, that aging Romaine, said upon meeting to the neighborhood, recently, "After all, Brooklyn's only a 81.75 mile ride to Pasadena."

continued on page 76



TONGUE-BITING NOIRE DAME COACH TERRY BRENNAN PROMIS NOBELINETS

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

A TONGUE- BITING UPSET

PHOTOGRAPH BY BY FOSCO

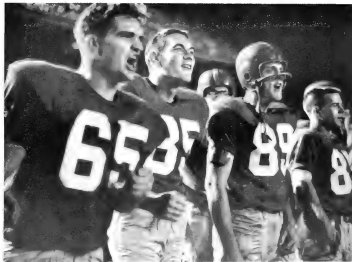
For 28-year-old Coach Terry Brennan (left) it was a distressing Saturday night: jittery Notre Dame, 14-point favorites over SMU in the packed, 87th Cotton Bowl, got upset in an opener 19-13, for the first time in 22 years. For the green but steamed-up SMUs (right) it was a night of glory and discovery as Quarterback Charlie Arnold, a junior, emerged as a spanking new Mustang hero (see page 52)

A QUARTERBACK'S NIGHTMARE



QUARTERBACK BEMITROPOF PAGES BACK TO PASS: ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF CLUTTERED, NO MATTER HOW HE TWISTS, BY PERSISTENT TAGGLER





WHOOPIE! SOUTHERN METROPOLITAN SUBSTITUTES GO TO THEIR FEET TO CHEER TEAMMATES ON TO HARD-FIGHTED VICTORY OVER THE IRISH

The camera of Photographer Bob Tomaska of the Dayton 'Daily News' catches a classic example of frustration like a man in a bad dream who is unable to free himself from the

awful clutches of a hogeyman, Quarterback Tom Dimitroff of Miami (Ohio) cannot shake off the grapples of Tackle Bob Jewett of George Washington University in Miami's 7-6 defeat



WHO GRAPPLE FOR IT WHILE TEEN BOY LOOKS ON



DOWN ON CRITICAL UNTIL TEEN ARRIVES PLAY LOVE



WAPLES DIMITROFF IS TACKLED IN ALL



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

TED AT BAT IN BOSTON • CANADIAN GADDIE INTO U.S. CHAMP • THE
REMINISCENCES OF MAXIE ROSENBLUM • HORSE WITH A HENNA
HIDE • THE TUNA CUP • A GOLFER'S APPROACH TO PERFECTION

ROUND ONE

FOOTBALL TEAMS, like battleships, can produce some remarkable surprises on their shakedown cruises. If there hadn't been upsets last Saturday, that would have been the biggest upset of all. Even so, the gloom just now at places like Notre Dame and Duke and Maryland must be all the deeper for being unexpected; and the jubilation at places like SMU and South Carolina and Syracuse must resemble the joy that Jack felt when the giant came tumbling down. For more on all this, we invite you to turn to *Football: First Week*, page 52 et seq. But we cannot leave the subject without observing what a bright hour of generally unwithered hope this is. Despite Saturday's losses, there are still some 300 undefeated teams left in the country.

PREOCCUPATION IN BOSTON

WHATEVER JOY remains in Boston, now that the pennant race has run its course, depends on the tall, moody figure of Ted Williams. All the unsatisfactory season long, the Red Sox fans have regarded their left-hander with titillated adoration and hostility. Just now, however, with the singular exception of the wrangling Boston press, they are behind him, for Ted is engaged in a furious competition for the American League batting championship. Not only must he achieve a higher average than his young adversary, Mickey Mantle, but he must also get the requisite 400 official at-bats to qualify for the title.

In the Yankee-Red Sox series at Boston last weekend the fans loomed a mighty bee of despair and shame when

Yankee Pitcher Don Larsen threw four straight balls to Williams and gave a gleeful shout when their man got another chance at bat after Larsen filled the bases with two out in the last of the ninth. The press, of course, was of its usual unkind cut. Said one broody writer: "I hope that big-as-and-as gets 399 times at bat, then gets hit on that 400th swing of his the 400th time."

Williams himself is taking it all in his curious, peevish style. One time he'll mutter: "It don't mean an obscenity to me." At others he is more reflective.

"I think the rule," he says, "should be about 450 physical times at bat, no matter what happens. That would mean that a guy would be in about 100 ball games and, if he plays in two-thirds of the games, why hell, I think he should qualify. Look at me, I'm probably

going to windup in about 140 games, but I may miss 400 at-bats because I was hurt and could only pinch-hit."

But then, driven by his mysterious workings, he'll add: "Oh, hell, it doesn't matter much. In fact, a lot of things don't matter much anymore."

As for Mickey Mantle, he was, as ever, taciturn, but getting the hits. He did, though, offer this remark, in respect to his attempt to beat Ruth's home run record, which applies equally, and, ultimately, to the batting race: "It's the way the ball bounces."

MAKE WAY FOR THE GIRLS

ONE of the most deeply satisfied operators at the National Women's Amateur Golf Championship last week was Gordon Melania, a member

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Statement of Intentions

The controversial new Olympic oath ("I am and intend to remain an amateur," etc.) will probably be shelved at a meeting of the International Olympic Committee in Lausanne, Switzerland (Oct. 4). Reason: It was announced too late, met too much opposition, including that of some IOC members.

• Bully-Talky

The Cleveland Browns' 4-watt radio station (Coach Paul Brown broadcasts from the sidelines, Quarterback George Ratterman receives in his helmet) was clogged by the NFL but broke down in its second tryout game. This suited Ratterman: "I don't go for those one-way conversations."

• Indoor Girl

Nina Ponomareva, Russian circus thrower charged with stealing five hats in London, remains safe from arrest in Russian Embassy. The "provocation" against her has now led Moscow's Bolshoi Theater ballet troupe to cancel London visit.

• Heavy the Head That Even Hopes to Wear a Crown

Archie Moore, fighting Floyd Patterson over whether they will fight for the heavyweight title in Los Angeles or New York, was nudged for \$750,000 by Dolores Mapp, ex-wife of fighter Jimmy Brinsie. She charged "physical attacks" on herself and her daughter, 22. Said Moore: "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

of the small but solid coterie of Canadians who filtered into Indianapolis and out to the Meridian Hills course to watch their girl, Marlene Stewart (see page 37), make her successful bid to become the first foreign player in 20 years and the first Canadian-born player ever to carry off the title.

Melania, the professional at the Lookout Point Golf Club in Fonthill, Ontario, Marlene's home town, has known the new champion for eight years. She was 11 then and had come out to his course not to play but to ask permission to caddy for a girl friend who did. Melania not only had the temerity to let the small number—Marlene is only 5 feet one—carry her friend's bag, but when he observed her exceptional shot for girl (and soon for boy) to become a regular caddy. Next he started her playing and had her caddy on him on occasion, the better to pick up some of the nuances of the game that cannot be learned on the practice tee. Within two years the young caddy was the future champion. Three years later, when she was 19, she arrived on the scene the golf world realized she was around and to be reckoned with: she won the 1953 British Ladies' Championship.

Two generations or so ago, on the heels of the astonishing victory in the 1913 National Open by a young ex-caddy by the name of Quinlan, there was a terrific rash by American boys to enroll in the caddy ranks. Caddy-ing became the training ground of many of the champions of the next decade—Suggs, Farrell, Diegel, etc. While Marlene's triumph isn't likely to result in swarms of teenage girls descending on local caddyhouses to seek employment, it does serve to point out that the day is not past when young girls take to sports largely at the urging of parent addicts. For example, Jackie Giandreas, the 17-year-old who was runner-up to Marlene, first made her acquaintance with the game by helping her brother hunt for golf balls which he would scrub up and sell to the members of the small 9-hole course in Kirkland, Wash. The first club Jackie swung was the one she used to probe the rough and the water hazards.

We are undoubtedly entering on the latest of all eras in women's golf, for the very young age of the stars has made them, like successors at camp, the idols of the kids (females of 10 and 12). As one Indianapolis newsmen suggested, the high school golf star (male) is very shortly going to find his game more strenuously learned. Pos-

TICKLE MEOW TURTLE BOIL GAM

Tickle-meow turtle boil gam.
Tickle may art water breast.
Hemorrhoidum phagee an monkey jag—
Are done clearly nibbled out long!
Beats, roots, roots, further hams hams:
Pebay dan soon toky sham.
Pur lub was, too, tree sharks—gore art!
Adder died . . . hell . . . gam.

—H. L. CROCE

slide sample conversation since 1961:

High school star, with the proper touch of modesty: "Say, Linda, maybe you'd like to come out and play a round. I'm really hitting the ball. Had a 56 yesterday."

Linda: "Gee, I'd love to, but I think I'd learn more if I played with Joyce. She hasn't been over 74 the last two weeks."

SLATS SLAPS MAXIE

LIKE so many ex-profighters, Slat Slaps Maxie Rosenblum is an actor and, naturally, a comedian. The former light heavyweight champion told a very funny story on the *Arthur Murray Party* TV show last June. It had to do with an old and honored opponent, Jimmy Slattery, who in his ring days was known as "Poetry in Motion."

"I fought Jimmy four times in Buffalo," Maxie told the CBS audience, "and beat him every time but was robbed on home-town decisions. I saw it was a hopeless case trying to beat him in Buffalo and I decided to make some money out of losing. So I bet \$5,000 on Slat. Along about the fourth round, with neither of us doing anything in a dull bout, I said to Jimmy, 'Come on, Slat, do something. I bet on you to win.'"

To which Slat replied, in Maxie's version, "And I bet on you."

It's the sort of pure old-time fighters love to spin—and someone produces a record book. Maxie fought Slattery seven times but only three times in Buffalo. He lost the first two Buffalo fights but he had also lost to Slattery in Brooklyn and Hartford. And their third Buffalo battle was for the light heavyweight championship, NBA version, which Maxie won on a decision.

Nowadays Jimmy Slattery works for the Buffalo parks department and treasures his reputation as a former champion of grace, skill and probity. The other day, as Maxie was preparing to leave Syracuse, where he has been playing a nightclub engagement, Jimmy asked Maxie's punch line. He

brought out for \$500,000, alleging defamation of character.

PAINTED DOLL

CAROLYN at the Youngstown (Ohio) House Show applauded enthusiastically two years ago, as a three-gaited mare named Silver Rocket danced around the tankard: the mare's rider, tiny Mrs. Edna Bachtel, applauded incessantly too—as an old hand at exhibiting saddle horses she felt that her mount was performing handsomely indeed. But Silver Rocket finished out of the ribbons. The judge was blunt about his decision: "I just don't like white horses." The rider's husband, Dr. David H. Bachtel, was just as blunt. Said he, bitterly: "I'm not going to stare any race horses here." But Mrs. Bachtel took the loss with a genuine smile.

There was no denying the fact that Silver Rocket was being knocked down everywhere because of her color: the mare had come into the world with a silver-gray coat and a black mane and tail and had been a distinctive animal as a two and three-year-old. When she was four, however, her coat faded to white, and by the time she was five her mane and tail had faded too. But at Youngstown it had suddenly occurred to Mrs. Bachtel that any platinum blonde showgirl—Silver Rocket included—had only to visit a



beauty parlor to become a brunette. The Bartels had hardly gotten back to their farm at North Canton, Ohio before she was off to the drugstore to buy packets of hair tint. Last winter she stirred up one batch of color after another and dabbed a sample of each on Silver Rocket's sides—the mare looked like something from an opium eater's dream before Mrs. Bachtel finally mixed the tint she wanted.

The final head-to-head procedure was a job calculated to give even Charles the King pause. Mrs. Bachtel scrubbed the horse with quarts of peroxide solution and slipped on hair tint with a paintbrush. She finished the job off with a lanolin treatment, which made the mare's coat shine. The horse seemed delighted by the project as it progressed she acted "more and more like a French poodle." When the work was done she was a gleaming

(continued on page 29)



BTOBEY-

"If it goes into your hands I'll attract."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 17

copper chaintaut with four white stockings and a white blouse down her face. The results have been splendid. Silver Rocket, now renamed Painted Doll, has been doing very well on the home show circuit—in fact she won both the 13.2 class and the Three-Gated Stake at the last Youngstown show.

Mrs. Bachtel, who also has pure white hair, has not "even been tempted" to try a color rinse herself. No-bash knows better than she how much work is entailed—Painted Doll, she has discovered, has to be touched up every six weeks to preserve her fashionable good looks.

STORY'S END

WHEN Stanley St. Clair Sayres, 68, died in his sleep at home in Seattle last week, the most successful coalition in the history of speedboat racing came to an end. Sayres, a prosperous auto dealer, was the center of the alliance—the financial angel and organizer. Around him he gathered Designer Ted Jones, Builder Anchor Jensen, Drivers Lou Fagel and Joe Taggart and Mechanic Mike Welch. Over a span of five years this combination in various forms completely made over the sport.

In 1950 they built the first, wide-moored 26-Mo-Slow JV, flat of the prop-riding three-point hydroplanes and a complete departure from the traditionally deeper cigar-shaped Gold Cuppers. With JV and her sister Skiffie V, built in 1951, they brought the world water-speed record back from England, where it had been for 11 years, took the Harrowsworth Trophy, world powerboat championship, back from 30-year residence in Detroit, and also won the American Gold Cup title away from Detroit, which had ruled competition since 1918.

Designated as he was, Sayres was a difficult man. He feuded with Jones who broke with him to design for rivals in 1952. He battled with the race committees over their rulings and frequently snubbed the Seattle press. On the other hand he had the unquestioning loyalty of his pit crew and drivers and admiration from his Detroit opponents to whom he made available the rare 100-hp-Dayne engine that Fagel had bought for the Skiffie.

Liked or not, until the summer of 1953 Sayres was the king of racing. Then, just before last year's Gold Cup, began a chain of events that ended the rule of the Sayres combine. In a trial

run the skiffish Mo V did a back flip, injuring Lou Fagel and prompting his immediate retirement. During the race itself JV burned out her engine near the final lap. For the first time since Sayres entered the field the Cup went to Detroit. Sayres sold Skiffie-Mo V to a group of Seattle apartmenters. Mo JV, he said, was now his family runabout. He himself was through with racing.

Except for a successful finale at last month's Gold Cup, he was. Sayres brought Mo JV out and trucked her to Detroit for one last challenge, but before she could make her run for the money, she hit the wake of a patrol boat and flipped, tearing herself apart and nearly killing Joe Taggart.

That was the end. Sayres went home dazed and depressed, worried about his friend Taggart. Skiffie-Mo's remains were shipped back to Seattle, where accused of more than 1,000 loyal townsmen died past them to pay final respects. Then, last week, while the fire still smoldered past the hall of the old champion, Stan Sayres died quietly in bed.

3-2-1-0-4-0-0

GOLENS DREAM of a day when the unstable compound of good luck, top form and inspiration will hold together somehow through 18 holes and produce a really stunning round of golf. And every once in a while this dream comes true.

It happened in Memphis just the other day. Playing in a foursome, using the championship tea, following USGA rules and putting all points, this fellow went around the 8,617-yard course of the Memphis Country Club in 38, 11 under par. He was never in the rough or in a sand trap and never even threatened with a bogey. He shot 13 in and five to. It was, as one observer put it, "simple but staggering—big drive, great tee, bang and in, for 18 consecutive holes."

His name? Cary Middlecoff, who has been playing the Memphis course since he was a boy.

Two years ago when Cary lowered the course record to 61, everybody at the Memphis Country Club agreed it could never be beaten. Now, contemplating the 38, club members say, "Yes, yes, we know. But this time we are positive."

WINNER OF THE WEEK

IN A POLL of 236 girls at a cheerleading clinic in St. Joseph, Mo., Mickey Mantle edged out Elvin Foner for top contemporary hero by 28 votes.

FISHERMEN'S INTERNATIONAL

A CHILL SHIVER buffeted the tuna school at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. It stung the welter of operators until their cheeks matched the crimson-stained Royal Canadian Mounted Police. But the chill of the wind only put a keener edge to the occasion. This was the last day of the 13th International Tuna Cup Match, an affair for which half a hundred sportmen may travel, among them, some 200,000 miles to compete for the Sharp Cup, consume Nova Scotia lobster and overcome language barriers with fellowship and common angling interests.

Tuna have been low and far between at Wedgeport all summer—only a pitiful 15 hung up on the costly new deck over a prematch period which normally furnishes 500 or more. Hospitable Wedgeport smoldered some but apprehensively through this month's three-day match: whether the teams from eight nations would catch enough to want to come back.

Twenty-four boats bobbed on Soldier's Rip the first day, trailing in the tide with berring baits and leasers. Each nation was assigned three boats, and as national flags whipped at the masthead an anxious man huddled in the fighting chair hoping for a strike. And the strikes came. By 10 a.m., Harry Wesley Smith of the Argentine Team, a one-time squash and golf champion and a four-goal polo player, was "on" a fish. Three hours and 15 minutes later he hoisted a 583-pound tuna. Almost simultaneously Stuart Peeler, whose father captained the United States Team, had a 390-pound fish at the boat and in midafternoon Hartmuth von Koeller landed a 533-pounder for the German Team.

It was Wedgeport's best day all year and, if the next was less productive, it was satisfyingly dramatic. Angling from the same boat for the British Empire were Alfred Trusk and Peter Buscoe. Trusk is a Nova Scotian and had driven to Wedgeport that morning from his home in Yarmouth, ten miles away. Buscoe, on the other hand, had undertaken an 8,000-mile trip from Southern Rhodesia to be on hand. The big fish fell to the native son; a 648-pound blarfin that Trusk hoisted in 45 minutes. It was the only fish of the day, the last of the match, and it won for Britain.

The teams from Cuba, Portugal, Mexico and Peru had no catches at all, but were they discouraged? Not so much as that they weren't planning already for Wedgeport in '55.

THE ILLEGAL WHOLE'S

A rare behind-the-scenes report on the men who set the odds for a nation's bets on

LAST FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, in a Minneapolis office a man in a shirt-sleeve picked up the telephone. New York was calling. "Hello," the voice at the other end of the line said. "I want to get the line on tomorrow's big college games."

"O.K., hold on a minute . . . here we are. California-Baylor, Baylor seven-point favorite. Texas Christian 15 over Kansas, Maryland 13 over Syracuse. Missouri is a six-point favorite over Oregon State. Notre Dame over Southern Methodist, Pittsburgh seven over West Virginia. Georgia Tech is 10 over Kentucky—that's the one that's on TV. Stanford is 21 over Washington State. Oregon-Colorado is even." (On some days the smartest of handicappers take a beating. For actual results see pp. 82-87, —89.)

"How about the National League pennant race?"

"Just a minute and I'll check that. . . . As of today, Brooklyn is 4 to 1 over Milwaukee. Cincinnati is out."

"Thanks a lot."

"Want the election?"

"Yeah, let's have it."

"Eisenhower is 8 1/2 to 1 against Stevenson, but both **STAY** appear on the ballot. If Eisenhower doesn't go, Stevenson would have to be rated the favorite. Against anyone but Eisenhower."

"Why's that?"

"Republicans would have to substitute Nixon. Nixon is no favorite."

"O.K. Thanks a lot."

"Goodbye."

Federal 8-5456 in Minneapolis hung up, but not for long. The call was only one of several hundred that will be made in the next two weeks. With the National League pennant race still undecided, the World Series not far off and football under way, the Minneapolis "clearinghouse," or to use its proper name, Athletic Publications Inc., is entering what promises to be its most hectic season of the year and indeed perhaps ever. With national prosperity at an all-time high, it is easily conceivable that between this year and wager well in excess of \$100 million, which is an educated estimate of the total amount bet annually by Americans.

As pre-eminent practitioners in one special corner of the giant betting industry, Athletic Publications employs 15 persons, three of them handicappers, and operates year round. Watching over them is the firm's president, Leo Hirschfeld, a short, gray-haired gentleman of 60 who enjoys as much prestige in the odds-making field as the president of Harvard enjoys in his.

While much of the firm's success is obviously attributable to Hirschfeld, he refuses to take any bows. "I haven't the least idea how to handicap," he says. "I wouldn't know who was the favorite between Notre Dame and Slippery Rock Teachers. I have very efficient and loyal employees without whom I could not possibly operate this business."

Actually, Hirschfeld got into the odds-making business more or less accidentally. The son of a doctor, he grew up in Minneapolis, served as a Marine in World War I, attended the University of Minnesota for a spell and got married. In 1928 he moved to New York and worked for a manufacturer of lighting fixtures until Hitler's seizure of Czechoslovakia cut off the firm's supply of glass. Hirschfeld, anxious to get back to Minneapolis, leased that the Gorman Press—as Athletic Publications Inc. was then called—was up for sale, and after mulling it over, he bought it in 1940.

Hirschfeld changed the firm's name and set about rapidly expanding its services. All the Gorman Press had offered was a weekly football record. Today Athletic Publications Inc. publishes four annual schedules and record books covering baseball, football, college basketball and professional basketball, and two seasonal weeklies, one updating football, the other basketball.

The greatest change wrought, however, was the institution of a daily odds-making service for telephone clients. Hirschfeld started it in response to public demand. For a fee, Athletic Publications Inc. furnishes odds on baseball, football (the leading college and National Football League games) and basketball (the leading college and National Basketball Association games). The most detailed of the

No. 1211
HE IS A SCRATCH

1. Boston	10. Detroit
2. Boston	11. Detroit
3. Boston	12. Detroit
4. Boston	13. Detroit

SPORTS QUIZ



College-Pro Foo

1. Boston	10. Detroit
2. Boston	11. Detroit
3. Boston	12. Detroit
4. Boston	13. Detroit

Send in 25 correct answers for a chance to win \$1000

A 13283

HYK

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BASEBALL FOR SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1950

Game	Home	Away	Score
1. Minnesota vs. St. Louis	Minnesota	St. Louis	4-3
2. St. Louis vs. Chicago	St. Louis	Chicago	4-3
3. Chicago vs. Boston	Chicago	Boston	4-3
4. Boston vs. Philadelphia	Boston	Philadelphia	4-3
5. Philadelphia vs. New York	Philadelphia	New York	4-3
6. New York vs. Brooklyn	New York	Brooklyn	4-3
7. Brooklyn vs. Pittsburgh	Brooklyn	Pittsburgh	4-3
8. Pittsburgh vs. Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	4-3
9. Cincinnati vs. Cleveland	Cincinnati	Cleveland	4-3
10. Cleveland vs. Detroit	Cleveland	Detroit	4-3
11. Detroit vs. Milwaukee	Detroit	Milwaukee	4-3
12. Milwaukee vs. St. Paul	Milwaukee	St. Paul	4-3
13. St. Paul vs. Kansas City	St. Paul	Kansas City	4-3
14. Kansas City vs. St. Louis	Kansas City	St. Louis	4-3
15. St. Louis vs. Chicago	St. Louis	Chicago	4-3
16. Chicago vs. Boston	Chicago	Boston	4-3
17. Boston vs. Philadelphia	Boston	Philadelphia	4-3
18. Philadelphia vs. New York	Philadelphia	New York	4-3
19. New York vs. Brooklyn	New York	Brooklyn	4-3
20. Brooklyn vs. Pittsburgh	Brooklyn	Pittsburgh	4-3
21. Pittsburgh vs. Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	4-3
22. Cincinnati vs. Cleveland	Cincinnati	Cleveland	4-3
23. Cleveland vs. Detroit	Cleveland	Detroit	4-3
24. Detroit vs. Milwaukee	Detroit	Milwaukee	4-3
25. Milwaukee vs. St. Paul	Milwaukee	St. Paul	4-3
26. St. Paul vs. Kansas City	St. Paul	Kansas City	4-3
27. Kansas City vs. St. Louis	Kansas City	St. Louis	4-3
28. St. Louis vs. Chicago	St. Louis	Chicago	4-3
29. Chicago vs. Boston	Chicago	Boston	4-3
30. Boston vs. Philadelphia	Boston	Philadelphia	4-3

FOOTBALL FOR SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1950

11:00 a.m. Game 24 (PST) 11:00 a.m. Game 25

LEGAL HALF

CONCLUSIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS

Dr. ROBERT H. METZLER

service is that offered on baseball. It costs \$35 a week. Cards are sold on games in two major leagues, the International League, the American Association, the Southern Association and the Texas League.

Essentially how the handicappers compute the odds is a secret of Athletic Publications Inc., but the shrewdness of sports is that such handicappers compute known odds, then everybody gets together to hammer out a compromise for the house. So that the handicappers can keep almost all sports, the firm subscribes to 53 daily and Sunday newspapers and 15 college newspapers. Hirschfeld much prefers three things: news to information gathered by computers. One of the lesser rewards currently in circulation about Athletic Publications Inc. is that it employs coaches and students to forward information. Hirschfeld notes this, and adds, "We get more facts thrown at us for no reason whatsoever."

Other allegations have it that Athletic Publications Inc. is the nerve center of a million-dollar gambling empire and that Blackfield is the man in the room to back the big line.

"The mayor of Minneapolis, the chief of police, the county attorney, the FBI or anybody else can walk in through our open door just as you did," Hirschfeld indignantly told

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• *How the film leads to Egypt*

FIG. 1 OGDENHAME, Lee Hirschfeld at Minneapolis clearing-house, some student clubs, bar scene, afternoon illness, and night.

FOOTBALL SERVICE

[illegible][illegible]

MR. FOOTBALL
DALLAS, TEXAS

**WILLIAMSON COUNTY
OFFICIALS' SERVICE**

[illegible]

LOWTHER'S PARLEY CHART NUMBER ONE

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1. P. 61 (217) the result of our own methodology plus the opinion of others. This is very able to give us that sense of being listened to, heard, or listened to, and message, for, we

Should you want to sign, make certain you agree to the following conditions, and sign your name to your service by phone or mail as soon as possible. This is not serviceable by fax.

We would like to schedule a 15-minute phone call (Mon-Fri, 9am-5pm) that you may find your service is a 15-minute session to answer phone call.

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[illegible]

—W. H. R. HUGHES, *Director, U.S. Forest Service*

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Journal compilation © 2007 Blackwell Publishing Ltd

[illegible]

IT IS WELL KNOWN FROM CONSIDERABLE

11. *Staphylococcus aureus* (Gram-positive cocci in clusters) is a common cause of skin infections and is often found on the skin and in the nose. It is a facultative anaerobe and can grow in a wide range of environments.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE, LONDON, 1871.

100

Age Group	Total (%)	Male (%)	Female (%)	Unknown (%)
18-24	15	10	20	5
25-34	25	15	35	10
35-44	35	25	45	20
45-54	45	35	55	30
55-64	55	45	65	40
65+	65	55	75	50

[illegible]

Accountable Financial Institutions Support the President

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10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044

"IN EVERY BUSINESS THERE IS ALWAYS ONE LEADER."

HYKE IS KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST

In the U.S.A. all Prices furnished our Services are shipped complete United Schedule C-10 approximately 7500 miles and hence throughout the United States. Approximate

THE LEGAL HALF

continued from page 41

me. "In the operation of this business, we touch no lives, neither federal state nor local. We neither make wagers nor accept them. At no time do we have any financial interest in the outcome of any athletic contest whatsoever. If a man lays odds, it's not my business what he does with them. If I were to tell you a bet, do you think I'd ask if you planned to use it to rob a bank?"

Hirschfeld maintains that the largest group of his telephone clients is composed of sportsmen and betwadders. "Most of them are capable of

soundness in their consistent accuracy. If they use our list, instead, it is only because they consider ours more reliable."

As one might expect, some sports officials haven't found Hirschfeld's business as bland as he makes out. Big Ten Commissioner Kenneth Tag Wilson refused to use Hirschfeld after he came up with a plan to end basketball scandals. The National Association of Basketball Coaches once resigned on their invitation to have him address their convention.

Naturally, this irks Hirschfeld, who is proud of his reputation as a businessman and who is highly regarded in his community. "I am a member of the

list of 397 of the colleges whose records we carry, and receive from them the publicity releases that they send to newspapers. . . ."

To keep his fine reputation, Hirschfeld has turned down "handbills and handbuds" of requests that he print football parlay cards. "I consider them to be gambling paraphernalia, akin to punch boards," Hirschfeld says. "It is not illegal to print and sell parlay cards, but I simply do not feel that they fit in with the code of ethics under which I operate this business."

Others lack Hirschfeld's ethical qualms about parlay cards. In fact, two companies—Arenada Sales & Publishing Co. in Chicago and Hyde Football Service in Dallas—print them. Neither firm, of course, accepts wagers on the cards. They merely print them for sale to customers who can do with them as they wish. The cards, however, are another important facet of the over-all betting picture in the U.S.

Hyde Football Service, which also sells football handbills by wire or long-distance phone for the weekly rate of \$25 (or the seasonal rate of \$100, is the older of the two. Hyde Football Service prints 11 different cards, e.g., "Big 1," "Two Teamer," "Coast to Coast," "Ten Two Fifty," which vary in the number of teams one must pick to win. On the "Ten Two Fifty," for example, one must select exactly 10 teams. On the "Two Teamer" one is allowed to select a minimum of two teams and a maximum of 16. All cards carry 30 to 40 handicapped games.

The prices are reasonable: a C.O.D. express shipment of 250 cards, the minimum order accepted, costs \$6; 500 cards cost \$9.75; 1,000, \$12.50, and 5,000, \$52.75.

The cards printed by Arenada Sales & Publishing Co. in Chicago are similar to those put out by Hyde Football Service but slightly higher in price, i.e., 5,000 cards cost \$64. The interesting thing about Arenada Sales & Publishing Co., though, is that it is located in the same office building, 226 North Clark Street, as Football Handbiller Bill Kaplan. Arenada and Kaplan are unconnected, but the building has come to be regarded by some as a shrine.

Bookmakers in the card business must work with great efficiency. They use runners to distribute the cards to bettors, and each runner is usually assigned to a specific beat, e.g., a high school or factory. For returning the cards to the bettors and the bets back to the bookmaker, a runner usually receives 25% of his beat's total volume, win or

continued on page 28



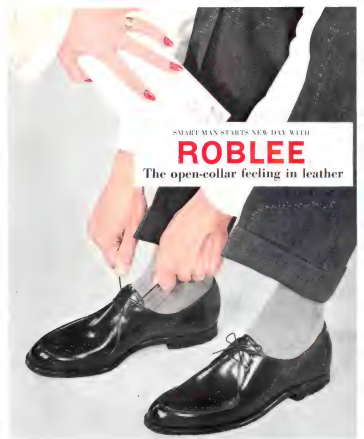
BUSY AS BROTHER. Chicago handbiller Bill Kaplan, who prints predictions under byline "Biggame News," tracks down tips in his office as footballers on the telephone.

making their own predictions," Hirschfeld says, "but they apparently prefer to compare their odds to ours, since we are considered fairly accurate."

The next group Hirschfeld claims is composed of sports fans who enter newspaper contests. "They feel," he says, "that they will have a better chance of taking advantage of the prize money if they substitute our opinions for theirs."

There are two more groups: bettors and bookmakers. Of the bettors, Hirschfeld says, "This is no fault of mine." Of the bookmakers, he says, "It is true that a limited number of bookmakers receive our predictions. Hirschfeld has a polite distaste for the word "odds" as a topic for accepting wagers. These people could use the predictions made by their local sportswriters and sports announcers, if they had sufficient con-

fident Jewish country club in Minneapolis, and your application for membership is considered very carefully and very thoroughly before you are admitted," he says. "The sportswriters and sports announcers are very friendly, and I frequently have lunch with Charlie Johnson, executive sports editor of The Minneapolis Star and Tribune. If you would take the trouble to read our weekly football and basketball publications over the years, you would find that some of the finest sportswriters in the country contribute to these magazines, and have no objection to doing business with me. You would also find, in reading these publications, that the articles on the individual teams are written, not by us, but by the publicity directors of the various colleges. They have no hesitancy about doing business with us. Write on the mailing



SMART MAN STARTS NEW DAY WITH

ROBLEE

The open-collar feeling in leather

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PART II

WHAT HAPPENS TO FOOTBALL PLAYERS?

A remarkable Notre Dame survey of ex-football stars is checked with surprising results against experiences of players from four other schools

by ROBERT COUGHLIN



THE BILL WATTERBERG, NOTRE DAME '68, AND HIS CHILDREN

Last week Sports Illustrated analyzed the results of a Notre Dame poll of ex-football stars that reportedly exploded the popular notion that football on the gridiron is followed by a rocky decline. As it shall be these stars' claims, that of this former star's personal experience, who had not responded to the Notre Dame questionnaire, as well as graduates of several other schools, then with the findings.

THERE ONCE was a poor but honest lad called Bill Wighikin. He was a Catholic boy of Irish-American descent and lived in Detroit, where his father had a bicycle repair shop. He loved sports—especially football, and when he grew at last to be a big boy and a star lineman on his high school football team, the doors to higher education

spring open for him, poor as he was.

"Some of the offers were pretty good," he remembers. "Michigan State offered to help my father in business. It was hard for him to get materials for his shop—the war was on. They said they would help Dad get scarce items. Don't ask me where, I don't know."

But Michigan State didn't appeal to Bill. He was thinking of college almost wholly in terms of athletics, and decided that the team he would most like to play on was Purdue's. He took Purdue's offer—a job that would pay for his board, room and tuition.

Then: "This old Irish priest [Father James E. Martin O.S.B., former athletic director at Detroit Catholic Central] told me that I would do all right at Purdue. Play all four years,

probably 60 minutes a game, and be a hero. But he said that all that wouldn't equal one minute in a Notre Dame game. One minute as a Notre Dame player would be more thrilling and would mean more, he told me, I got to thinking, and I went to Notre Dame." There he received a standard Notre Dame athletic B-E-T—board, room and tuition—working scholarship. His job was as a dormitory prefect.

Bill won his monogram on the Notre Dame line in '47, '48 and '49. He was not a great star; the only "All—" team he ever made was the Lithuanian All-American. He broke a foot once and an elbow another time but had no "serious" injuries. There were minor penalties, he felt—he loved the game.

continued on next page



MIKE SWISTAWSKI. The salesman with Armour, thinks players should get extras.



STEVE BISMUTH. Not much about small college, formerly Northwestern, understands.



NORMAN FLATT. His high school coach, believes "A fellow should get something."

WHAT HAPPENS TO PLAYERS!

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Soon after coming to Notre Dame, the serious purpose of the university was borne in on him in all sorts of ways: in the semiconformism of the campus life, the pointed lack among the faculty of any favoritism toward athletes and, not least, the reminders from Coach Frank Leahy that class work came first. Bill graduated from the College of Engineering in 1946 with a respectable 84.7 average and got a good job as a sales engineer.

However, his name had been drawn by the Chicago Bears in the annual draft of graduating college players. The Bears wanted him, the pay was good, so Bill made arrangements with his employer to go on a part-time schedule during the football months. This worked out well, and last month Bill started his seventh season with the Bears. With the two salaries, his yearly income runs into five figures.

Bill was married soon after college. He and his wife, daughter and son live in a nice house in a pleasant suburb of Chicago. Bill is a member of the Knights of Columbus, a Catholic churchgoer and has done his share, as a Little League official and member of the city recreation commission, in community affairs. He is a responsible, prosperous, happy and grateful man, and all his gratitude flows back to Notre Dame. He lapses into a tone of reverence when he speaks of the school: "I appreciate the opportunity I had. . . . It was a good education. . . . It opened doors for me. . . . It gave me business opportunities. . . ." And does he want his son to go there and play football? You bet he does.

Last week **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** reported on a survey that Notre Dame had made of the postcollege careers of its football players. According to those findings they had done exceptionally well: their income level was above that of college graduates in general, their jobs were mostly in the professional, managerial and owner categories, domestic tranquility and civic virtue were rife, and nostalgia and loyalty toward Notre Dame overflowed on all sides. These conclusions, however, had been based on questionnaires sent to all living football monogram winners, of whom only about half replied. What about the other half? What were they hiding? **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** reporters set out to find them, and did find and interview 122 of them, or 56%, certainly a broad sample.

Statistics consistent

It must be said at once, and not without chagrin, that the statistics gathered on the additional players merged into the pattern of the original Notre Dame survey and largely reinforced its findings. With the worst of intentions, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** could locate not a single jailbird, convicted rapist, forger, swindler or even anyone to fit the common belief that football heroes often turn out to be bad carriers in the end. Indeed, the nearest thing to a typical specimen among them is Bill Wightkin. He makes a little more money than most men his age and he is still playing professional ball seven years out of school. Otherwise he can stand as a model for the group.

As one **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** reporter, an Iowa alumnae with a built-in grudge against Notre Dame, wrote after completing a number of inter-

views in the Midwest: "I must confess that my attitude toward Notre Dame football and its players has changed. Somehow the combination of Catholicism, the lore and legend of Knute Rockne, the masculinity of Notre Dame itself and the national mystique it has, does something to anyone who goes out for football in South Bend. It's like being on the Yankees, in the Marines or maybe even like being the chef at the Waldorf. The sophisticated can laugh at Notre Dame if they want to, but believe me, boys, they have something down there."

The interviews did something more than verify the survey. They produced both more assents and dissents that help in understanding the changing situation of intercollegiate football in the nation. These bore most notably on the question of "professionalism"—on how far a school is justified in going to secure and reward its players.

While a great majority of the Notre Dame men felt that players should receive no inducement beyond the B-R-T working scholarship, there were more dissents than had been encountered in the survey, and—significantly, it would seem—these came mostly from the younger men. Martin Wendell, '49, now partner in a construction business, thinks, "A guy should get a little something extra. He's doing a day's work out on the field—what the heck?" Mike Swistawski, '58, now with Armour & Co., approves of the Notre Dame system but adds, "Well, to be perfectly honest, I'd say that if someone can get extras and wants them, more power to him." Ziggy Carabatsis, '48, the mammoth All-America tackle who is now resident manager of the Leland Hotel in Aurora, Ill., says: "I

think the school ought to do something extra for you. They should line up an athlete with a good job rather than have him scalping tickets all the time. They should also make good contacts for you. You know once you're there [in school] they got you."

Steve Oracko, '60, now teaching and coaching at a small college in Illinois, believes in extra inducements "... if they are spread equally over the squad. No one boy should be way ahead of the others." Carvin Clatt, '48, now athletic trainer at East Peoria high school, observes, "The way things are today, a young athlete knows there are material benefits to be had. A fellow should get something. It shouldn't cost him anything to go to school." Paul Mura, co-captain of the 1934 team, says, "An athlete has lots of expenses above board, room and tuition. And he puts in at least three hours a day at hard labor; at least twice a week, when there are meetings, independent of hours a day. Anything of this nature doesn't go unremunerated after graduation. I don't say athletes should be given cars and clothes and what have you, but I do say they should be given money honestly and equitably to meet expenses other students don't have."

Such comments represent a radical departure from the point of view of nearly all the older men, especially those of the Rockne era. It is pertinent, too, that the younger men report having received many more offers from other schools. Rockne's great Four Horsemen team of 1934, for instance, had an average of about two other scholarship job offers per man. Ralph

Cupichini, '53, All-America quarterback for two years and now an Air Force lieutenant, came to Notre Dame on the usual B-B-T and disapproved of other inducements, but he had his pick of 50 offers when he left high school. Oracko received 32 offers. Dick Szymanski, '55, had about 30. With competition at such a pitch it is no wonder that some athletes are inclined to value their talents at a rate higher than subsistence.

Notre Dame has troubles too

Nor is it at all surprising, accordingly, to discover that some Notre Dame players benefit from unofficial assistance by devoted alumni. Sports Illustrated found no flagrant examples of this, and its purpose is that the practice is at least no more widespread among Notre Dame alumni than among those of most other schools, not excluding the Ivy League. The point is, however, that not even Notre Dame executives, strict as they are and sincere as they are in trying to prevent this form of extra reward, can suppress the practice under the intensely competitive conditions of today.

The interview also turned up a regrettable byproduct of the Notre Dame scholarship system. Since at any given time there are about 100 football "scholars" on the campus, the coaches have not been particularly interested in looking beyond that reservoir of talent for football players. Several men noted that unless a boy came to the school with a football scholarship, it was not easy for him even to draw a uniform, let alone attract attention

from the coaching staff. The case is not clear-cut: some men do come up through the school's strong intramural program to make the varsity—and receive scholarships in their sophomore or upperclass years. But they have had to work against more than the usual odds. This defect is not peculiar to Notre Dame, of course, but can be found wherever a large number of athletic scholarships are given.

So much for the dilemma. If they detract from the pleasing picture of Notre Dame football given by the school's survey, it is also true that the same arena makes the picture more convincing in several ways. Only one man could be found—and for quotation—who felt that his coaches would sacrifice sportsmanship for victory. There were some scattered criticisms of "Hunk" Anderson for showing favoritism to certain players, and of Frank Leahy for overemphasis on winning, but the great majority felt that the coaches, these two included, had set fine examples for the players. With very few exceptions, the men are glad they went to Notre Dame. As Jack Alessandro, captain of the 1932 team, explains: "The main thing about Notre Dame is its spirit. You take a walk on the campus and it creeps into you. I know it sounds odd and unexplainable to an outsider, but it's there. As a football player I used to walk the campus the night before a game and come in all steamed up and racing to go the next day. The students are all behind you, there is the tradition behind you, there is the honor of playing on a Notre

continued on page 62



MARTIN WENDELL, '41, in construction business, calls football "a hard day's work."



RALPH CUPICHINI, '53, in Air Force, terms board, room, tuition aid sufficient.



JIMMY CUNNINGHAM, '19, would official, wants the colleges to help players find jobs.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO PARADISE

by HORACE SUTTON

THE ISLAND of Tahiti, that paradisaical Pacific dot, once as hard to get to as the interior of Khrushchev's office, is about to open for all the world's travelers. The black sand beaches smothered by the South Pacific; the towering, treeless, James Hall-haunted mountains in whose green broadland folds low-creeping clouds find refuge in the 6 o'clock sunset—all these wait in the palmey valleys. All these, and the fabbed Polynesian women, with their Ganguin hair, their olive-brown skin, their French accents, their torrid ups and their loving ways.

Tahiti has long been assailed by governmental restrictions and isolated by incredible ocean distances, but within the fortnight the first of a series of charter flights will leave from Honolulu for the yacht-lined harbor of Papeete, 10 or 11 hours away and only a day out of San Francisco.

And for those who prefer a more leisurely pace, before another full-blown moon has been hung the new white ships of the Matson Lines will steam from the California coast into French Oceania, beginning the first regular steamship service to Tahiti.

For those who take the charter flights—the only direct roundbound service from Honolulu—the flight to Paradise and back will take nine days and cost a flat \$1,000 a man. Hawaii-Tahiti Air Cruises, Ltd., a Honolulu syndicate which thought up the idea, will only accept males. It is an edict of the French authorities, they say, who intimate that transporting women to Tahiti is like fetching diamonds to Kimberley.

I was aboard the survey flight recently. In company with a party of 60, I flew by chartered DC-64 from Honolulu overnight to Canton Island, then made a day-leg to Bora Bora, a lonely volcanic isle where 1,000 troops lived during World War II in what military types recall as pure, Polynesian, don't-ever-send-me-home-Colonel elegance.

From the landing strip on

The black sand beaches of Tahiti, long isolated from the world by vast ocean stretches of open sea, this month come within tourists' reach

Bora Bora we went by skiff to the three-decker flying boat of Sir Gordon Taylor, up from Australia on charter, and covered the 170 miles to Papeete in an hour. The party was lodged in the Grand Hotel, sometimes also known as the Faagerat, which advertises 30 rooms, each with modern private bath. If the truth be known, all rooms don't have baths, and after 7 p.m., when the desk clerk goes home, the room keys are entrusted on a counter in the lobby so guests can find them easily. In the interest of security a large sign is also placed on the counter alongside the keys, enjoining guests to lock their valuables in the safe. The Grand has just added a rooftop restaurant staffed by waitresses in pinnies (yes, Uncle, they do wear something on top) who also do the ups between courses.

Tahiti's best hotels are just outside town. Les Tropiques, on a seven-acre coconut plantation overlooking a blue lagoon, is two miles from Papeete. It can currently house 32 guests in thatched bungalows, each of which comes with private bath and private patio. It is also the only hotel with hot water. The tariff is \$6 per person without meals. Don the Beachcomber, the Honolulu restaurateur who has an active interest in Les Tropiques, will soon increase the capacity to 66 and change its name to The Beachcomber's Blue Lagoon. After all, meals are served on the lagoon-side terrace, looking toward Moorea, and a firm, long pier stretches out into the water to a swimming float anchored on man-made Sun-Bathing Island.

Two miles on the other side of Papeete is the Royal Tahitian Hotel, built on the lands of King Pomare, a monarch who was so fond of Benedictine that the Tahitians crowned his tomb with a replica of a Benedictine bottle. The Royal Tahitian is truly in Tahitian style—bungalows are woven together with strips of pandanus and topped with coconut



TAHITI: ISLAND OF TAHITI LIES IN SOUTHEASTERN PACIFIC

Art continued on page 18

A man and a woman are standing next to a white front-loading washing machine. The man, wearing a straw hat and a red and white striped shirt, is holding a white cloth. The woman, wearing a blue jacket and a brown skirt, is holding a white cloth. They are both smiling and looking at each other. The background is a grey brick wall.

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Abstract

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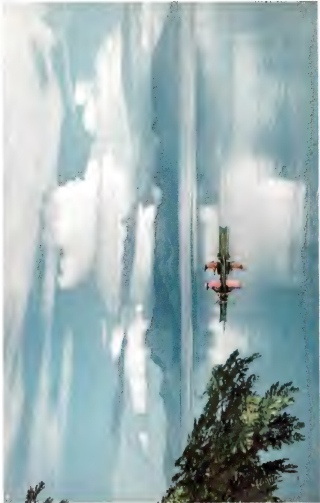


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HOURS TO PARADISE

continued from page 28

that. Red Tahitian cloth, of the sort worn for parties, hangs as draperies. A pandanus-covered jukebox plays Tahitian records, and a pandanus-covered refrigerator chills bottles of Foutly Fused, Mumm's Gordon Rouge and French Meccor beer. Dinner costs about \$2.50, rooms are \$4 a day for two and out front the Royal has its own black sand, coral-tree bench ringing the bay where Charles Laughton once posed impressively as the fierce Captain Bligh in *Nordhoff* and Hall's *Adams on the Amazon*.

Choe Rivae, about 10 miles out, has 11 bungalows, a white sand beach, charges about \$3 for a room, about \$2 for dinner. Besides all this, Matson Lines has taken an option on a cliff-top site about five miles out of town looking away to a magnificent view. The company had hoped to put in 25 units to start with, plus a swimming pool, but lately it is in jurisdictional employment difficulties with the local government.

In downtown Papeete a French tailor in khaki shorts and a red cap on his head pedals down the Rue du Maréchal Foch, one hand on the handle bar and the other holding a string of fish. In the fish market the pickers lounge on the damp cement floor while matrons in crisp white dresses sniff the brilliant blue parrot fish hanging from the railing on strips of purple hair. A Chinese in a white pith helmet chugs by on his Vespa, and the lei stringers squat on the sidewalk, flowers spilling out of their baskets woven of fresh green palm. The signs say *Chamo Far*—Tahitiens—New Styles and *An Yee*—Carr—Ice Cream—Manufactures Gendrons.

Beyond, at Martha Brothers, you can buy carved wooden spars from the Marquesas for \$25 and planters' hats with shell leis and carved tips of tea wood and beautiful strings of white shells. French perfume at Paris prices is sold at Chis, as well as island fashions and shirts that say "Bora Bora" and "Tahiti" and bear other glaring affidavits and testimonials of long voyages, to be worn back home at Waikiki and Coney and Catalina.

On Saturday nights the crowds jam into Quinn's Tahitian Hut and, huddled in booths along the wall, are regaled by the music of Eddie Lund, once of Portland, who in off hours bounces the island in a pale blue Jaguar. Tahitians, visiting yacht crews and

continued on next page

BULB BLOW? SPOILED SHOW?



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5-20



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HOURS TO PARADISE

(continued from page 44)

Hardier tourists jam into a bamboo barge called *Bliss* until midnight, when the law requires them to move to a dilapidated dance hall called the *Lido* a few miles out in the country. Most any evening will find the ample British consul dancing on the terrace of *Les Tropiques* in his belted safari jacket, while the arch New Zealand tourists—if the Teal plane is in from Auckland—hob across the floor in high-heel ballets.

But the daytime parties are best in Tahiti, especially when there is a *famoua* and the girls come in their red and blue pareos and jump into the spring-fed pools in their. They dance themselves into a frenzy, and then climb out and sit down at a table covered with the cloth of a green palm leaf and eat South Sea Island style, which is to say, without benefit of knife, fork or spoon. There will be raw fish and grated coconut and shrimp heads roasted through a cheesecloth and marinated overnight. You dump a handful in a bowl and flood the bowl with coconut milk. Then you break off a piece of breadfruit or bread-fruit root and with that in hand you go fishing in the coconut milk for a clump of fish. You attach the fish to the breadfruit and then—strangest of all—you eat it.

After that the girls wash the dishes in the pool, and the drums start, and the dishwashers, hip deep in water, start to chant. Guitars appear and

wine is passed and the voices sing in French and Tahitian. And here, 4,000 miles due west of Peru, Samia, who is Eddie Lund's Polynesian vocalist, sings softly "What a day this has been," which is from *Brigadoon*, and then everybody jumps in the pool again before calling home.

On days when there is no *famoua* one can hire for about \$15 an open Jeepster, known locally as a "jeep-stair," and barrel the 87 miles around the island. At Point Venus there is a monument to Captain James Cook, who came in 1769 to observe the passage of Venus across the solar disc. One can lounge under the chequered-roof huts and watch the fishermen paddle their pirogues across Mataval Bay, where the real Captain Bligh put in to feed his mariners for the *Wrecked* trade in 1788. Crabs slither across the road, myna birds promenade at the road's edge under the yellow curtain and red ginger blossoms, and the silky smell of the vanilla is a perfume to the soul.

At Taavaro, halfway around, Ah Cheon's Chinese restaurant offers pan-fried fresh-water shrimp on short order, you contended on advance notice and cold Alsatian wine any time, not to mention oil and gas, Nescafé, lap-sided green Tahitian grapefruit, the use of a pool table, and Breton-blue flowers of Evring in Paris perfume. By the seaside old women and young girls and beaming Tahitian men work the fishing nets, and the foreman is a grizzled Polynesian patriarch in a red tiki, which is a sarong for males,



"Have you ever read the fine print in your underwear?"



FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG is photographed with one of Munich's popular three-wheeled autos, a BMW. His beige loden and poplin-headed skull cap is reversible. (Knappe/Holt, \$105.)



HELMUT BRÄUNLICH, an actor in the Munich Political Theater, wears a Munich pastry shop in a Glen plaid loden trench coat with removable loden liner. (John Alexander of New Haven, \$125.)

THE SPORTING LOOK

LODEN

A cloth woven by Bavarian peasants since the 11th century is becoming a new American sports classic

LODEN is to the Bavarian what tweed is to the Scot—a fabric so long indigenous to its land, of such peasant origins that it has become almost a folk cloth. Like tweed, it was created originally to fill a practical need—to keep Alpine shepherds and woodcutters both warm and dry through the blustery mountain winters. It has been loomed since the 11th century from the rough wool of the Alpine sheep by peasants who were called *Lodeners* (and thus gave the cloth its name). Also like the tweeds of the Scottish highlands and islands, it has woven into it the water-repelling lanolin and the water-shedding longer hairs of the fleeces. Some modern versions have a small nylon content. The Bavarian peasants who served Napoleon as mercenaries wore loden on the road to Moscow. And after World War II a trickle of loden, in a deep green that the Bavarians prefer, began coming into America as such West German firms as Loden-drey—the largest manufacturer—reopened their doors. Because of this, loden has been, wrongly thought of as a color rather than a cloth, and loden green has become high fashion along Seventh Avenue this fall in every kind of fabric from kaibansella. Simultaneously, clothing made of the real thing in a rich variety of patterns and colors is sweeping America. One importer has done six times the business this year that he did last, and it takes a three-times-weekly airlift to fill his American orders. Most popular are the loden duffel coats which are similar to those worn in Europe. But there is a fast-growing interest in this versatile fabric adapted for other uses: men's sport jackets of subtle plaids; such active outdoor clothes for women as capes and slacks. Here, photographed in its native Bavaria, are a variety of sports clothes made of this historic German fabric that seems to be well on its way to becoming as much an American classic as a Scotswoman's tweed.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHERITA

SABINA BUSSELMANN wears a *Wettersled*, a poncho that might have been the original loden garment. It is now available in America for open air, football, ski town. (Knappe/Holt, \$92.)



ANTON KLOPP, 10, of Garfield wears a boy's denim suit, especially flared, to look tall. The suit is now requested by Kincaid's Imports, \$35.



NEOPHRO BENJAMIN, young Munich actor, wears a huckamott jacket of mixed plaid, colors 180, and cotton, a Lodenhaus original, \$90, both in "Haber."

GABY WIGST bicycles in a short, denim-cloth jacket which has a strap, carried over at back, green and black. In Jeanne Campbell for Sportswear, \$28.95.



GERLA BENKERT, in the *Halgatten* in Umeå, Sweden, and below: cape which is a copy of one long worn by Byzantine aristocrats. Helen Van Vleet, 17th.



SADINA'S full skirt and belt, the long jacket, with it the *Halgatten* jacket shown opposite. Gretz Photography, 14th. Red jacquard knee are by Florida Mills.



WALTER BENKERT wears a copy of the official blue coat designed by the King of Sweden for the Carols, often worn. McGregor, 6th at Haverland, 10th.

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Donald Campbell, shaker and barker, while his lobster-shaped Blüchler logged and rolled, roared past King Lear's Lake Conquest at 246.7 mph, averaged 225.62 mph for two-way runs to break own speed record for jet-propelled craft.



Franklin Field, 34-year-old former Stanford javelin thrower who missed making U.S. Olympic team by mere inch in trials at Los Angeles, posted off 450-foot toss at Pasadena, easily bettering American record set in 1945.

RECORD BREAKERS

Beppe Bahlul, piston-tuned Italian, vigorously pedaled his bicycle around Milan's Vigorelli Stadium at 28.887 mph for new world record (Sept. 19) but will not be available to represent Italy in Olympics. Reason: his announced plan to turn professional Jan. 1.

Ted Maltup, smart-strutting Australian, hot-footed 16 miles 400 yards two inches around dampish quarter-mile track in two hours at Melbourne to better world walking mark (Sept. 22).

Good Chance, fastest 2-year-old in harness racing history, set two more world standards at Delaware, Ohio, pacing off mile in 2:00 2/5 and two heats in combined time of 4:04 1/5 (Sept. 18) after Rhonda Haasler, A. C. Mudge's 2-year-old bay filly, trotted mile in 2:05, best ever for age, girl and sex, at same track.

Jim Trade, durable 1-year-old, sprinted seldom-run half mile in rapid 40 1/5 at Cleveland's Cranwood track to break 16-year-old U.S. half record (Sept. 18).

BASEBALL

Milwaukee and **Brockton**, going right down to wire in bitter National League race, were still neck-and-neck as season entered final week. Braves, after slipping against New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago, pulled themselves up by beatstraps on Bill Bruce's best grand slam homer to beat Cubs 7-4, tentatively held first place by mere percentage point as Dodgers, losers one straight by acesed Pittsburgh, led Flaps 8-3 in

which of Sunday game suspended by curfew, prepared to set up victory Monday night. Cincinnati, back in home-run business, went off on six-game winning kick but were thrown behind in last column with time running out.

New York Yankees, with seventh American League pennant in eight years safely tucked away, turned interest in Mickey Mantle's battle for triple crown. Mantle snugged out of slumps to hit 50th and 1st home runs, giving Yankees new American League team record of 161 slater runs to 164, and hit Boston's Ted Williams in late-to-face contest to regain batting lead, 156 to 155, led Detroit's Al Kaline in RBI, 127 to 123.

HORSE RACING

Maidette, granding Llangollen 2-year-old with 6-pound gain in weight, career unbeaten Bold Ruler, who had from month after starting gate triumph in first race since June, by length and quarter in six-furlongs at Belmont.

Our Jay, Cary C. Boshamer's spirited 2-year-old colt, snapping out of afternoon slum for first time, moved boldly at last turn, was off and running to whip highly touted California Kid by solid two lengths in \$10,000 World's Hapwood Stakes at Atlantic City.

Jackie, Pete Anderson's bearded horse Ghan Elms and Peter at Belmont, gave 84 happy bettors, including superstitious fear who held 378 tickets, whopping \$4,121 daily double, biggest payoff in six years.

FOOTBALL

Seawave set tone for opening weekend upsets, shaking Maryland 26-12 hot-shodded hawks with SMU, which burst Notre Dame bubble 18-15, and South Carolina, 7-0 victor over Duke for first time in 45 years. In other games: Pitt, topped No. 1 in East by score, eased past handling West Virginia 14-13, Georgia Tech beat Kentucky 14-7; North Carolina State spoiled Jim Tatum's North Carolina debut 26-8; Oregon State defeated Missouri 18-12 after longline (19 years) Missouri Coach Don Faurot, inventor of split-T, thought he would retire as athletic director's chair at end of season; UCLA outscored Utah 18-7; Baylor barely beat California 7-6; USC trounced Texas 44-20 after other football news, see p. 12.

Lon Little, gravel-nosed perfectionist who will turn 65 next December, reluctantly announced his mandatory retirement because of age at end of 1975 season after 27 years as head coach at Colorado.

BOXING

Gregg Fullum, mauling No. 1 middleweight challenger, marking time while waiting for Sugar Ray Robinson to come to terms with Jim North for title bout, gave home town fans glimpse of his freshening power, dumping faded Moses Ward to survive four times before putting him there to stay in third round at West Jordan, Utah.

Kenny Lane, slick-canvassed lightweight managed to manipulate Jack Kauter, switch his Ludwig Lightnin' into confusion, punched out 10-round debate before

FOCUS ON THE DEED



WHOOHING UP SPRAY, Manchester collector Norman Barclay, while his *Wanderer III* to one-hour water speed record of 78.44 mph for unlimited class boats at Windermere, England.



WHEELING AROUND TURN at 128 mph, Ireland's Reginald Armstrong, leans with his *Glen* on the way to a new record in 500-wattmeter class event at the Avus track in West Berlin.

FOOTBALL: FIRST WEEK

Skiathletes instead of racoon coats were the order of the day as the brand-new season opened its doors in weather that still carried the lingering glow of summer. It was a day to gladden the heart of any true fan—a day of sports when the tenderling refuses to outside peacefully. The action was mostly in the South and West with a strong international flavor

SOUTHERN METHODIST 19

NOTRE DAME 13

SIXTY-ONE THOUSAND football-hungry Texans swarmed into the Cotton Bowl for the first rite of fall—the largest opening-game crowd in Cotton Bowl history despite the 87° temperature. They came, not so much in hopes of a Mustang victory, but rather to look upon mighty Notre Dame and heroic Paul Hornung. This was a fine way to start the season off, even if the home team—two-touchdown underdogs and an overwhelming choice for last place in the Southwest Conference—seemed in for a tough evening.

But Notre Dame, despite the aura of the name, was untested, too, a fact which was deeply felt by the SMU football team. They had been pointing for this one since spring practice, and it showed the minute the boys started to play football. They pushed Notre Dame around for a 13-0 half-time lead, and then, after the Irish had come back to tie it up, pulled out the game with a touchdown in the last two minutes of play to win 19-13, and to renew the Southwest Conference franchise for upsetting the dope.

The whole team was tremendous. The line, headed by Bob Blakely, a two-year letterman at right tackle, and Sophomore Tom Koenig at guard, beat the Irish to the punch all night. A quartet of line ends put tremendous pressure on Hornung, both on the option play and passes. The top of their T—named Jackson, Masters, and Slaughter—ran like savages, and a nice Catholic boy named Charles Arnold at quarterback treated Notre Dame with downright irreverence. He passed for the first touchdown. He crashed over for the second. He handed off for the third. Four times he insulted the Irish by running for short yardage on fourth down; four times he made it (twice by inches on the chain). He intercepted two passes. He was, said Notre Dame Coach Terry Brennan afterward, "wonderful. Arnold was the difference."

In the noisy SMU dressing room after the game, Charlie Arnold told why he had twice gambled for short yardage deep in his own territory with the score tied late in the game. "We didn't want a good ball game," he grinned. "We wanted to win." —WILLARD C. RAPPLEYE

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 44

TEXAS 20

EVEN THOUGH the game was being played almost in the shadow of the Lone Star capitol dome, the Texas announcer was ready to strike his colors by the start of the third quarter. As the ball was snapped, he shouted in anguish over the loudspeaker: "It's a pitchout to Roberts—oh, dear, here we go again."

And down on the field, Roberts went—74 high-stepping yards to his third touchdown of the night and his total of 281 yards from scrimmage, more than any USC back has ever scored in one game. Indeed, the story of the USC-Texas curtain-raising football game in Austin was the story of Mr. Roberts. The eyes of Texas have seldom beheld a more convincing display of power running than he put on before 47,000 dumb-struck Texans in Memorial Stadium last Saturday night.

The final score was 44-20 and Texas' pride was as hurt as though they had been caught driving last year's Cadillacs.

Not normally considered among the Eleven Eleven because of the arrest over the eligibility penalties (Jon Arnett, for instance, is eligible for only the first five games), Coach Jess Hill's USC Trojans have football sons taking a second look. In their last two games, the finale against Notre Dame last year and this one, USC has run up 96 points, no mean feat against major opposition. True, they are still tight-hearted about defense which they regard as a useless interruption of an otherwise pleasurable pastime; USC ran up 23 first downs, but so did Texas. And Texas completed nineteen passes, enough to win most ball games.

The USC offense this year is uncomplicated by any too-frequent changing of the quarterbacking. The varsity quarterbacks, Ellis Kasinger and Frank Hall, are splitting the season between them, and Hall, who has the first five games, can concentrate on leading the team to the goal line without looking over both shoulders for fear of replacement. As one Texas player, pulling on his cowboy boots after his shower, commented, "Them fellows can be fooled—especially with passing. But when they get that ball . . . man, it's murder." —JAMES MURRAY

MR. ROBERTS OF USC

USC's Mr. Roberts is an awesome 207-pound Negro fullback who runs the hundred in 9.8 with or without turtles hanging on to him and answers to the nickname "C.R." The first time he got the ball against Texas he swooped around end for 11 yards, knocking Texans Trejane and even an official out of his way. The next time he took a pitchout for 23 yards. On the first play of the second quarter, he rambled 33 yards

for his first touchdown. Ten plays later Roberts turned the game into the rout: it was to become by rocking and rolling 50 yards to the go-ahead touchdown. One janky tackle he was unable to straight-arm, so he whacked him on the back of the helmet and tumbled him underfoot. Even his interference seemed to be running for their lives as Roberts stampeded behind them like a runaway locomotive. —J.M.



ROBERTS WAS BURIED IN THE MOUNT



UCLA 13 UTAH 7

Utah Quarterback Pete Hansen executes jump pass to Halfback Stu Vaughan. Cordy Utah fans interrupted their chance of one of week's biggest upsets.



GEORGIA TECH 14 KENTUCKY 6

Tech Halfback Ken Owens grades out four yards over Kentucky line in team's first conference win.

PITTSBURGH 14
WEST VIRGINIA 13

TWO DAYS before he sent his big team against West Virginia, Pittsburgh Coach Johnny Michelone was discussing the best way to stop the split-T attack used by both schools. "The only way to play that formation is to fire in there and penetrate into their backfield," he said. "If you let them run on you, they have the advantage." Last year with a Sugar Bowl bid up for grabs, Pitt successfully fired into the West Virginia backfield and won easily 26-7. When the two teams met again last weekend Mountaineer Coach Art Lewis was ready to fight fire with fire by shutting and keeping his linemen in a bewildering series of defenses. Lewis completely stopped the attack of Pitt, a team ranked among the best in the nation, but Lewis' bag of tricks did not contain a defense against fumbles, and alert Pitt turned the Mountaineers' fumbles into touchdowns to win the war 14-13, while losing every battle.

A record crowd of 34,800 crowded into elderly Mountaineer Field in Morgantown to watch the opening game of the season for these bitter rivals. The spirit of Pitt's veteran team was sky-high. Running through calisthenics the week of the game, the team bellowed happily. West Virginia was higher yet. On the first day of spring practice this year, Lewis assembled his team before a blackboard and solemnly chalked up three giant figures: 143. With a scowl, Lewis asked what the number stood for. Back came an immediate reply: there were 143 days until the Pitt game. "If we're not ready for this one," said Lewis when all the days had been ticked off, "then we don't have a ball club."

For Pitt the game was a shocking surprise. Statistically, West Virginia was by far the better team, gaining 289 yards by air and ground to only 94 by Pitt. With the toughest schedule in the country, Pitt will have to improve or be swallowed whole by teams like Notre Dame, Army and Syracuse. West Virginia Coach Art Lewis wearily slumped on a bench and played the game over again in his mind. Finally Center Chuck Howley walked by, and Lewis reached up to shake his hand. "I'm sorry, Coach," said Howley. "We beat them but the score beat us." Lewis grimed unhappily.

—JAMES ATWATER

SYRACUSE 26
MARYLAND 12

THEir score 49 in as the house that Jim Tatum built at the University of Maryland. After 15 straight victories in regular season games the favored Terrapins collapsed completely in their 1955 debut at the hands of a much better schooled and disciplined Syracuse team. It was a sad start for Tommy Mott, the "nice guy" who replaced Tatum as Maryland's head coach.

The final score was 26-12, but it would have been 26-6 were it not for the generosity of the man in bright orange. During the final moments of play Syracuse sent in their third string to cope with a Maryland drive that was too late to matter. For Syracuse it was sweet revenge after the team's humiliating defeat at the hands of the Terrapins last year, and, according to Head Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, it had been a game the Syracuse team had been preparing and waiting for ever since that 1953 loss.

The standout on the Syracuse team was Left Halfback Jim Brown, a powerful 212-pounder who time and time again cut through the highly touted Maryland line like a sharp knife slipping through soft cheese. Altogether Big Jim hunted off 154 yards rushing—well over half the Syracuse rushing total of 258 yards. After Maryland had opened the scoring in the first quarter, it was Brown who came right back eight plays later to set the plot right by catching the pass on a play that started on the Maryland 24 and running eight yards for the touchdowns. Then he put his team ahead for good by kicking the extra point. Brown, who punched through the sieve-like Maryland line with consistent running gains of five, seven and nine yards, really broke Maryland's back with a 78-yard run in the third period, carrying the ball on a pitchout from the Syracuse 15 to the Maryland 7. Four plays later Syracuse scored again to make it a decisive 19 to 8.

Syracuse appeared to be a real comer in the national picture, a theory that will be properly tested next Saturday against Pittsburgh. Maryland, on the other hand, his plentitude of manpower, and this one could very well be their worst game of the year.

—MARK SULLIVAN

FOR GRAB-TO-GRAB FOOTBALL REPORT, TURN PAGE

AROUND THE COUNTRY

by **DON PARKER**

IN DAYS gone by, the first week of football was the occasion for the haves to sharpen their skills against the have-nots, who submitted docilely in exchange for the chance to appear in the large, unfamiliar stadiums of the famous. But times have changed and the "breather" is now an almost forgotten relic of the game. Now the opener is the rough one—the big inter-sectional contest where reputations frequently crumble before the season is scarcely underway, and new giants occasionally spring up overnight—to everyone's surprise except their own.

Opening week 1958 was a shock full of such games: Notre Dame-SMU; Syracuse-Maryland and Duke-South Carolina; Notre Dame and Duke, pre-season nominees for the highest national honors, were among those to crumble. Syracuse dumped Maryland, breaking a 15-game Terrapin winning streak, and thus became a new giant. It was unexpected, but, like so many early-season upsets, it was more an indication of the strength of the winner than the weakness of the loser. Teams like Maryland and Notre Dame—always prime targets for anyone on their schedule—can hardly expect to win them all every year.

For the most part, however, opening week ran fairly true to form.

THE EAST

SYRACUSE began courtship of the Lambeau Trophy—symbolic of eastern football supremacy—with its spectacular 24-12 win over Maryland. The hefty Orange line showed the Terps about as if they were chess men—an impressive insult since the men from Maryland were supposed to be the class of the Atlantic Coast Conference. Syracuse halfback Jimmy Brown showed All-America talent as he scored two Orange touchdowns, set up a third with a 78-yard run, and accounted for 164 of the 246 yards Mather rolled up on the ground.

Pittsburgh, frequently billed the best in the East, found the reinforced line to be its most effective weapon in winning West Virginia 14-13. The Panthers exploited up in their own territory for most of the game, and they might have been bluffed if Mountaineer fullback Larry Kravitz had not fumbled after a jarring tackle inside his five-yard line. But recovered

and Halfback Ray DiPasquale went over for the touchdown. On the ensuing kickoff, West Virginia fumbled again, this time on the 26, and again Pitt recovered. The Panthers used four plays before Halfback Nick Pasodelli scored from the five. But for three tea breaks, the day was West Virginia's.

Other action in the East was thin. Lehigh and Lafayette scored along with victories over Gettysburg (46-7) and Muhlenberg (26-0) respectively. Rutgers beat Ohio Wesleyan 13-13, and Bucknell blanked Albright 13-0.

Other scores:
Wake Forest 10, North Carolina 27
Syracuse 24, Maryland 12
Georgia Tech 6, Mississippi 0
West Virginia 17, 10, Syracuse 7

THE SOUTH

DUKE possesses a claim to share the Atlantic Coast Conference title with Maryland, and the Orange Bowl go up in 1959 as the South Carolina handed the Blue Devils their first conference loss in the four-year history of the ACC. The Gamecocks made the only score of the game in the second period on a run by sophomore Halfback King Dixon, but they were by no means outclassed otherwise. Duke gained only 156 yards rushing to South Carolina's 193 and completed only two of nine passes compared with five out of 16 for South Carolina.

Down at Chapel Hill, Jim Tatum's

homecoming as the new coach of his alma mater, North Carolina, was sadly spoiled by North Carolina State.

BRIEF GLANCE

Best tackle at the Maryland-Syracuse game: from the point of view of Maryland's home town fans, none made by a fellow who failed to dress for football. The hero, a university policeman, pulled a removal fan on the ill-fated line as he was making off with an stolen jersey he had grabbed from the Syracuse bench.

The Wolfpack completely outclassed the Tar Heels 26-6 and replaced them as the ACC dark horse.

Wake Forest, too, showed more power than expected. The Deacon Deacons ran all over William and Mary 39-0, but it was Co-captain Ed Barnes, a Deacon halfback, who threw the knockout punches with runs of 67, 87 and 78 yards. Coach Paul Aron was told he would have to perform miracles to win at Wake Forest this year, and he started off by doing just that.

In the Southeastern Conference, results ran closer to form. Georgia Tech, though ragged at the edges, was never in danger while plodding to an unexpected 14-6 victory over punchless Kentucky. The experienced, confident Yellow Jackets were only as good as they had to be, but they will have to be better next week in Dallas against SMU if they are to justify the lofty national ranking projected for them.

Another SEC battle brought Vanderbilt an impressive 14-0 win over Georgia, which turned out to be asleep instead of a sleeper. Vandy's Don Orr quarterbacked magnificently and Halfback Phil King was a consistently long gainer.

The nation's best ball-hawking job was turned in by West Florida Fullback Joe Brodsky, a 211-pound senior from Miami. Brodsky was a one-man gang on the Gators when Mississippi State 24-6. He intercepted three State passes, ran two of them back 49 and 35 yards for scores and took the other 27 yards to set up a third TD.

Mississippi outplayed the first of several cream puffs on its schedule—in this case North Texas State by a score of 40-0. The game gave little indication of the Rebel's true strength, but



UNIFORMED DOUBLE REVERSE

Ken Harris of Miami (left) seemed to have come on to exploit the system against Texas Washington and pulled two, and coach pulled Harris down several on every had been with on halfback. His real number is 95.

Kentucky should settle the issue this Saturday.

Texas Quarterback Gene Newton threw three touchdowns passes and was a wizard with the option play as the Green Wave edged past Virginia Tech of the Southern Conference 21-14. The rest of the SEC gets under way this week.

Elsewhere in the South, Virginia flattened VMI 18-0. Cavalier Fullback Jim Bakhtiar set a new conference rushing record of 218 yards in 27 carries.

Other scores

Edinboro 30, Westbury 10-0
Drexel 27, Maryland 7
Florida State 41, Ohio 0-7
Saskatoon 21, Saskatchewan 10-0

THE MIDWEST

MIDWEST football was virtually non-existent last week, since the Big Ten Conference traditionally opens a week later than the rest of the nation. Detroit highlighted action in the center of the country with a 20-7 win over Marquette, the same winning score turned in by the Titans in their game with Marquette last year. George Washington, of the Southern Conference, surprised Miami of Ohio 7-6. Cincinnati, supposedly on the climb, showed that it needed a lot more seasoning while losing to Dayton 19-13.

Other scores

Shelton College 21, Kent State 0
Cincinnati 20, Indiana 13
Kent 31, Eastern 7
Michigan 17, Wisconsin 4
Western 23, Indiana 0
Crown 20, Marshall 0

THE SOUTHWEST

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE teams won six of seven games in a display of strength unequalled by any other area of the country. Southern Methodist led the Texas parade with its magnificent 18-13 upset over Notre Dame, consummated in the final 100 seconds of play when Mustang Quarterback Charlie Arnold called for the old Statue of Liberty play, faked back for a pass and then fed the ball to Halfback Len Slaughter, who scampered 14 yards for the winning touchdown.

Southern California's C. R. Roberts scored on runs of 73, 51 and 74 yards to sink Texas 44-20, for the SWC's only loss.

Halfback Ken Wirsberg scored three times for Texas Christian, once on an exciting 80-yard journey, as the Horned Frogs drubbed Kansas 32-0. Texas A&M trashed Villanova 46-19-0; Rice scored on three passes to beat

Alabama 24-13, and Arkansas steam-rolled Hardin-Simmons 21-6, despite a 24-for-34 passing record turned in by the Cowboys.

In the Big Seven Conference Nebraska manhandled South Dakota 34-6, and managed to break Halfback Bill Hawkins loose for a 76-yard run as part of the stampede. West Coast opposition proved too much for Colorado and Missouri, however, as Oregon crushed the former 30-0 and Oregon State took the latter 19-13. Sam Wesley featured in the Oregon State attack, breaking loose for a 62-yard touchdown and receiving a pair of passes good for 72 yards.

Arizona State (Tempe), a Border Conference power, cashed in on 69- and 63-yard runs by Leon Barton to smash Wichita 37-6 and remain a strong favorite to repeat as the conference champion.

Other scores

Southern A&M 10, Texas Tech 7
Texas Western 12, Texas Tech 10
West Texas A. M., Midland 7

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

UTAH STATE COLLEGE scored a mild 18-13 upset over Denver in the only Skyline Conference game scheduled.

Utah, moving into the big time, gave UCLA a bad scare before losing 13-7. Fumbles kept the Utes from scoring a huge upset, although the Redskins were clearly outplayed by Red Sanders' Bruins.

Wyoming and New Mexico scored the only Skyline Conference victories over outside foes. Wyoming upset Arizona 20-16, as sophomore Tailback Bob Mirski and veteran Halfback

Jim Crawford starred in the game at Tucson. New Mexico beat a weak neighbor, New Mexico A&M, 14-0 in a traditional nonconference game.

Other scores

Washington State 22, North Dakota 22
Western State 21, Tongue River 7
Washington 14, 1, Stanford 6

THE ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

Army	Sylvania
George Tech	Southern California
Miami	Texas A&M
Michigan State	Texas Christian
Michigan	Tile
Ohio State	

FAR WEST

STANFORD, Pacific Coast Conference favorite to host the 1957 Rose Bowl, beat a surprisingly strong Washington State team 40-24 in one of the biggest air shows since May Day over Moscow. The Indian aerial barrage caught the offense-minded Cougars flatfooted and it was obvious that Jim Sutherland, Ronnie Kimo's high school coach who is starting his first year as head man at Washington State, had not spent enough time building a better pass trap. The Standard attack was a tipoff that Michigan State, for all its vaunted ground power, had better come to Palo Alto next week equipped with nets.

Barber looked quick but uncertain while beating California 7-6 in a fumbling contest at Berkeley. The Texans were handed their winning score in the second period when Gus Gianallas, California quarterback, fumbled on his

(continued on next page)

PICKERIN PANORAMA

OF THE 10 CONFERENCE TEAMS of 1956, 16 have already been in action, and five have lost. They were Maryland (12-25 to Syracuse); Miami, Ohio (6-7 to George Washington); Shepherd, W. Va. (9-2 to Fairmont); Parsons (8-6 to Iowa Wesleyan); and Stevens Point, Wis., which was beaten by both Hamilton (13-6) and Platteville (23-19).

EDDIE'S UNIVERSITY sat out the weekend worrying over the health of its team after Guard Mert Haglund was hospitalized with polio. The team faced several days of anxious observation and the possibility that several early games might have to be canceled.

JOE HANCOCK, the University of Virginia fullback, set a new Atlantic Coast Conference record by shanking up 238 yards rushing against VMI. Bakhtiar, an Iranian, who never played football before coming to Virginia, is top Cavalier candidate for All-American.

ARDEEN'S ART LAPPING, starting the season just 168 yards short of the all-time rushing record, failed in efforts to break it in the team's first two games. Lapping gained only 31 yards against Montana last week and set out Wyoming game with injuries.—F.A.

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FOOTBALL

continued from page 32

corn 19, and Baylor recovered. Quarterback Doyle Taylor, on the split-T option, intended to let John Hallmark Del Shouter. The ball bounced twice before landing in Shouter's hands, and then he scooted 10 yards around end for the score. Cal looked strong but slow and indicated it could be rough on anybody through the air. The Golden Bears threw 24 passes, completed 17, one for the touchdown. Best Cal

FLIGHTY TRENDS

Their highest passer turned split-T football (see *Hoosier Hoosiers*) find no favor in the West this year. Most notable example was at the Stanford-Washington State game where 74 passes were thrown—35 by WSU, 39 by Stanford. Indian Quarterback John Hinkle was most effective, completing 17 of 34 for 174 yards, two touchdowns.

pass play of the day, good for 19 yards and a touchdown, went from young Quarterback Joe Condehains to Norm Becker in the end zone, but the play was called back for holding.

Dick Bass, the sophomore who was a California high school phenomenon before enrolling at College of Pacific. Moved up to lavish pre-season predictions as the Tigers' toughest Caliente A&M QB-11. Bass earned the ball 10 times for 122 yards, caught two passes, for 19 and 28 yards (both set up TIs) and scored twice on runs of 26 and six yards.

San Jose State beat Drake 28-3, completing 18 passes in 38 attempts, while the Washington Huskies, under new coach Darrell Royal, slapped a distressed Idaho team 38-21. Washington employed two sets of equally effective backs and, for the most part, substituted by platoons throughout the game.

Other scores:

Montana State 10, North Dakota 10
Idaho State 10, Oregon 6
Oregon 21, Colorado 6
Washington 31, Washington 2

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1. Football	2. Basketball	3. Soccer	4. Baseball	5. Ice Hockey	6. American Football	7. Canadian Football	8. Rugby	9. Golf	10. Tennis	11. Table Tennis	12. Badminton	13. Squash	14. Judo	15. Karate	16. Judo	17. Judo	18. Judo	19. Judo	20. Judo	21. Judo	22. Judo	23. Judo	24. Judo	25. Judo	26. Judo	27. Judo	28. Judo	29. Judo	30. Judo	31. Judo	32. Judo	33. Judo	34. Judo	35. Judo	36. Judo	37. Judo	38. Judo	39. Judo	40. Judo	41. Judo	42. Judo	43. Judo	44. Judo	45. Judo	46. Judo	47. Judo	48. Judo	49. Judo	50. Judo	51. Judo	52. Judo	53. Judo	54. Judo	55. Judo	56. Judo	57. Judo	58. Judo	59. Judo	60. Judo	61. Judo	62. Judo	63. Judo	64. Judo	65. Judo	66. Judo	67. Judo	68. Judo	69. Judo	70. Judo	71. Judo	72. Judo	73. Judo	74. Judo	75. Judo	76. Judo	77. Judo	78. Judo	79. Judo	80. Judo	81. Judo	82. Judo	83. Judo	84. Judo	85. Judo	86. Judo	87. Judo	88. Judo	89. Judo	90. Judo	91. Judo	92. Judo	93. Judo	94. Judo	95. Judo	96. Judo	97. Judo	98. Judo	99. Judo	100. Judo
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HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

THE BEST NEWS so far is that the era of ground-bound, grind-it-out, run-it-down-their-throats football is slowly but surely coming to an end. Opening day from coast to coast served notice that football '88 is shedding the shackles of conservatism which have gripped the game for the past few years.

There is a realization that the basic split-T with variations is not a magic cure-all. Based on the premises



SEVEN-MAN OLD DEFENSE facing new factor as a stopper for split-T running.

of a first down every three downs, there must be a minimum of mistakes. Because of the fast-hitting handoffs on the dive-backs and the blind pitchouts from the option play, fumbles are prevalent, especially in early-season games. Theoretically it is an enigma. The inside attack is built on speed and quick explosive contact of the offensive linemen. The outside attack is delayed, and in its basic pattern has only one play, the pitchout from the quarterback to the off-halfback on the option. If the defensive end plays the quarterback, then he pitches out to the halfback for the end run. Conversely, if the end works to the outside then the quarterback keeps and runs inside. Passing patterns are of the running variety.



OUR FRONT will stop any running attack but it is extremely vulnerable to passing game.

osity. Most of the split-T teams, except Oklahoma, have either ignored or failed to capitalize on this feature of the attack which is one of the most difficult plays in football to stop. It is my belief that without the proper blend of

the running passes as an integral part of the offense, the concentration of defenses will be too much for the out-and-out ground attack. The old game maxim: "Against equal opposition a drive of more than 80 yards is seldom successful" will again be Q.E.D.

The "top eight" as diagrammed can be mighty disconcerting to a dedicated driving attack. This alignment precludes blocking any two men at the point of attack. Used in short-yardage situations "when you know the run is coming," it is most effective.

The use of the venerable "seven and a box" (see diagram), long laid away with the molesters of yesteryear and considered the best of all defenses against a pure running attack, will again be in evidence. The seven men up front, burdened only with the ground game, will force many teams to go to the air or to flanker formations.

The "man-on-man six" manufactured at West Point in 1946 as a measure to stop the first edition of the Oklahoma split-T—and it did—is being talked about in select circles. The front six, six—but do not penetrate—and



OKLAHOMA DEFENSE standard against split-T, can be varied on signal at the last moment.

slide with the play. It is indynamite, with two exceptions, the quick end run and flanker formations.

Mix in the usual ingredients of the "Oklahoma" (see diagram) and "umbrella," "shoot" a few line backers every now and then, and the infantry will be making quickly for air support or, at least, a deployment of skirmishers.

Once in the salad days of my coaching career, I was diagraming some defensive maneuvers in the presence of my former coach at Tennessee, General Bob Neyland. Turning for his expected approval, I was met with: "Herman, I guess all those defenses must be pretty good, but there is just one thing that you've got to remember: in order to be a successful coach you must have men instead of X's and O's." And oh 'tis true, 'tis true.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES for Games of Saturday, Sept. 29

• **Stanford vs. Michigan State.** Indiana bigger and better this year. Spartans likewise. Stanford features passes. MSU's multiple offense combines trickery and power. Paas and Kowalewski the difference. MICHIGAN STATE.

• **Southern California vs. Oregon State** (Sept. 28). Beavers beat Old Missou while Trojans took Texas. Roberts, Arnett and Co. just too much for hard-working Beavers. SOUTHERN CAL.

• **Southern Methodist vs. Georgia Tech.** Green Mustangs went berserk against Notre Dame. But experience will tell in this one. GEORGIA TECH.

• **Michigan vs. UCLA.** The depleted Colons are still competent but talented Wolverines should not have too much trouble. MICHIGAN.

• **Auburn vs. Tennessee.** Mainmen and Vols meet head-on in big brawl at Birmingham. Looka even-Stephen. Tennessee slow starting but one vote for alma mater . . . TENNESSEE.

• **Pittsburgh vs. Syracuse.** Orangemen were brilliant but brained in Maryland win. Panthers are sharper this week. PITTSBURGH.

• **Washington vs. Minnesota.** A year ago Huskies clattered the Gophers. Both improved but I lean toward . . . MINNESOTA.

• **Ohio State vs. Nebraska.** Pete Ellett off to flying start but Buckeyes are loaded. Sprint to them but not strength. OHIO STATE.

• **Virginia vs. Duke.** Ben Martin, too, debuted successfully while Duke was stunningly upset. Blue Devils bounce back. Confidently . . . DUKE.

• **Oklahoma vs. North Carolina.** N.C. State caught Tatum's Tar Heels looking evil. Scores play each game as the big one. OKLAHOMA.

• **Miami vs. South Carolina.** (Sept. 28). Gator's Gamecocks downed Duke. Hurricanes alerted. MIAMI.

ALSO:

Penn State over Pennsylvania

Maryland over Wake Forest

Texas over Tulane

Princeton over Rutgers

Illinois over California

Navy over William and Mary

Army over VMI

Texas A&M over Louisiana State

Mississippi over Kentucky

Florida over Clemson

Brown over Columbia

Colgate over Cornell

Yale over Connecticut

Arkansas over Oklahoma A&M

Last week's hunches:
13 right, 7 wrong

styled for wear rain or fair



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TIP FROM THE TOP



for golfers of
all handicaps

from AL SPONTS, Country Club of Charleston, S.C.

On seaside and desert courses particularly, but wherever sand exists, golfers run into a shot that few of them cope with successfully. This is a short, lofted pitch from the sandy rough which must carry over a nearby embankment to reach the green. The object, obviously, is to get the ball up and over the embankment without punching it with so much forward drive that it either carries or rolls on over the green—where, of course, a nice little trap is usually lying in wait. In his consternation when he finds himself beset with this shot, the average golfer does little more than try to get the shot over with.

If the golfer will keep calm and regard this shot as a cousin of the explosion shot—which it primarily is—he will find he can deal with it without much trouble. Use your wedge, with your feet together, hands a shade forward. Take the club back a little on the outside, with the left hand in charge. Hit the sand about an inch behind the ball. Don't let the hands roll over as you go through the ball. Keep the back of the left hand pointing up toward the sky on the follow through. The ball should come up arching high and should fall without too much forward roll.



Explosion shot from the rough

Play the lie in sandy rough as an explosion shot

NEXT WEEK: JOHN THORNS ON STRINGING THE SMOTHERED BOOK

THE ILLEGAL WHOLE'S LEGAL HALF

continued from page 32

lose. In towns where bookmaking competition is keen, however, the runner gets a better break. The bookmaker pays anywhere from 35% to 50% of the gam's net.

For the better, the cards are a poor investment. If he picks two games out of two, for example, he is paid off at 2 to 1. The correct odds are 3 to 1. To weight the odds even more, the bookmaker ordinarily wins if the better picks a tie.

Bookmakers who handle the parlay cards are regarded as "little jerks" by the big bookmakers. Pride aside, a big bookmaker can never handle parlay cards because he is constantly on the move, a prerogative which he finds immensely expedient when it comes to dodging cops and mobsters. On the two, he loses the latter more. Lacking the protection of the law, a bookmaker is easy prey to hoodlums who decide to cut themselves in.

A few years ago, a Chicago bookmaker moved to Montreal after the syndicate demanded a cut. Encouraged by his expatriation, other bookmakers followed. For a while they prospered and on one occasion even found themselves protected by international law—when the U.S. attempted to obtain records of their long distance calls to the States. An usually happens, however, mobsters moved in, and, as an acquaintance of the Chicago bookmaker puts it, "They squeezed for a place and got it with ill grace."

By now, Montreal was really alive. The mobsters, flush with success and emboldened by nature, began to get out of hand, so much so that local authorities soon had no other course but to ask that everyone leave. The bookmaker and mobsters sorrowfully returned to the U.S., but last year they were back, this time in another city. They didn't care for the cold weather but, all in all, their new city proved such a good location that they returned there last week to resume operations. To oblige local police, they refuse to take bets from Canadian citizens or make book on Canadian professional games. This last point is rather a costly concession, as a fair number of Stateside clients have expressed interest in the pre games after seeing them on TV.

Despite the outside world's impression that bookmakers can calculate odds as swiftly as Unifac, most of them are dumb and only slowly acquire the mathematics of odds-making.

Early this month, for example, a better called a bookmaker for odds on the National League pennant race. When given the odds he astounded the bookmaker by pointing out that he could win simply by betting on all three teams to lose.

"The bookmaker quoted Brooklyn at 17 to 10 not to win," the better says, thoroughly disgusted by the bookmaker's stupidity. "Cincinnati was 4½ to 1 not to win, and Milwaukee was 19 to 13 not to win. After I heard that, I told him that I would bet \$1,700 to his \$1,000 on Brooklyn to lose, \$2,250 to \$500 on Cincinnati to



TEXAS GILMAN, H. L. Hunt of Dallas, is a big better who is fond of football.

lose and \$1,800 to \$1,850 on Milwaukee to lose. I pointed out that if Brooklyn won, I'd lose \$1,700, but I'd win \$500 from my Cincinnati bet and \$1,650 on my Milwaukee bet. Add those two together that's \$2,150. Subtract the \$1,700 I lost on the Dodgers. That leaves me winning \$450. If Cincinnati won, I'd win by winning \$445. If Milwaukee won, I'd win \$200."

Particularly confusing to bookmakers is the payoff on a parlay, i.e., when the winnings on one bet are applied to another. In baseball, four-team parlays are not uncommon. To ease the burden posed by parlay problems, A. C. Lowther, an insurance executive in Alexandria, La., drew up a baseball parlay chart in 1946, just in time to

crash the pennant boom. Certified by a C.P.A. and priced at \$10, Lowther's parlay chart instantly offers the answer to any baseball parlay problem. Ordinarily, it would take an average bookmaker a few minutes to figure the payoff on a \$1 parlay on four teams with the odds at 5 to 7, 1 to 3, 3 to 3 and 4 to 5. But if the bookmaker uses Lowther's chart, he has the answer—\$8.84—in no time at all.

The bookmaker would be most happy if odds and parlays were his only difficulty. Unfortunately, there is another: the tax law. As the law now stands, it is absolutely impossible for a baseball, basketball or football bookmaker to pay his proper tax and stay in business. Under the law, a bookmaker is compelled to pay a 10% tax on all bets, win or lose. But a bookmaker, under optimum conditions, can make only 4.8% profit on football and basketball and only 2.4% on baseball, excluding overhead. If he were a baseball bookmaker who paid the full tax, he would be 7.4% in the hole before he even started; if a football or basketball bookmaker, 5.2%.

The 4.8% on football and basketball is arrived at thusly: all bets are at 11 to 10, with the games, of course, handicapped by points; e.g., Michigan State 14 over Michigan in football. The Michigan better takes the 14 points, but must put up \$1,140 to win \$1,600; the Michigan State better also must put up \$1,100 to win \$1,600. The bookmaker accepts the bets, theoretically must pay 10% tax on the \$2,200 in bets. That would be \$220. The game is played, and Michigan State wins 28-0. The Michigan State better collects \$1,000 from the bookmaker; the Michigan better pays the bookmaker \$1,140. The bookmaker's profit on the two bets is \$460, and \$460 is only 4.5% of the \$2,200 in bets.

In baseball, the 2.4% edge is arrived at in much the same way as the 4.8% in basketball and football. As a simple illustration, Brooklyn and Milwaukee's starting pitchers are rated even. (In baseball all odds are predicated on the starting pitchers.) The bookmaker makes the game into what is known as a 165 pick. The Dodger better must put up \$1,050 to win \$1,094; the Braves better must also put up \$1,050 to win \$1,094. The bets are made with a bookmaker, and the Dodgers win. The Dodger better wins \$1,094; the Braves better pays up \$1,050. The bookmaker's profit: \$44. But the tax is \$210.

Bookmakers who pay the tax actually do so at the rate of 1% instead of

continued on next page

THE LEGAL HALF

(continued from page 28)

10%, i.e., all \$1,000 bets are hooked as \$100 bets, the bookmaker then pays 10% on \$100. But even this is shaving it rather close for profit. If the object of the law, which was passed in haste after the Kefauver hearings, is to collect taxes, it should be changed. At best it is unrealistic. However, the likelihood for a rewritten law is slight. A Congressman proposing such a change would be denounced instantly as in the pay of bookmakers. Few are the Congressmen who will chance this.

In addition to the small profit, bookmakers grumble about baseball because of the work involved. The season begins with the March exhibitions and lasts until the end of the World Series in October. During the season there are few days of rest, and if the bookmaker is taking bets on minor league games, he doesn't even take those.

Even so, bookmakers do a lot of baseball business. In fact, they do so much that they have made it the No. 1 betting sport (aside from horse racing, a sport that is not taken seriously by practicing bettors as the 14% take is too much to overcome). Baseball betting should not be viewed with alarm; the big action is perhaps the finest compliment that can be paid to the game's integrity. Bookmakers are not interested in a corrupt sport—they are the ones who pay off the floor's bets. Baseball also stands high because of the number of players needed to play. Generally speaking, bettors and bookmakers contend that the more players there are involved in a contest, the less chance there is to fix it. The biggest bookmaker will take a \$5,000 bet on a baseball game, yet hesitates about taking \$200 on a fight.

Football is the No. 2 betting sport, though on any fall Saturday it is No. 1 and probably exceeds even horse racing. A bookmaker will take up to \$5,000 on a college or pro game but only \$1,000 on a pro exhibition, since coaches usually try out new plays and players. One unusual thing about football is that the so-called game of the week, say Michigan-Michigan State, isn't necessarily the one that draws the most action. It may be Pennsylvania-Easternmouth if the word passes that Penn is really "up."

Basketball is No. 3, but betting has declined in recent years because of the scandals. As a matter of fact, not all bookmakers and bettors are certain that the scandals are over. The biggest bet a big bookmaker will take on most,

not all, college games is \$4,000, and few are the bookmakers who care to take that much. On professional there is little action.

Despite scandal, boxing remains a betting sport. However, boxing doesn't attract the action of old. Only big fights draw big money, and these bets are usually arranged between two men who agree to abide by the referee's decision alone.

The most interesting side of betting is the bettors. Today there are about 10 men in the U.S. who are big bettors, i.e., bettors who wager \$5,000 or more, say on a football game, and often on



OLD-STYLE SPORTSMAN, Ray Ryan, may bet large sums on this year's Series.

10 or 15 games on the same afternoon.

"We're supposed to be everything from cardsharps to fools," one of them said recently. "But all we do is put in a lot of hard work handicapping and then play the best price. If we lose, we hurt no one but ourselves. We don't influence athletes, officials, the stock market or the price of eggs. It is absurd for people to think we're flacks or racketeers. Nothing annoys me more than to be equated with a Frank Costello. He's a criminal, a racketeer. We'd never fix a game. We happened to become bettors because we followed sports closely and developed a betting interest. When we hear of something funny going on, we report it—if the officials will listen to us. Something funny is the last thing we want anyway. It throws our handicapping off form."

What the man says is true. Not long ago a basketball referee was dismissed after bettors supplied information to his superiors. Other authorities are now watching a football referee who, bettors say, was involved in an unsuccessful

attempt to fix a recent bowl game. Fixers are never professional bettors. They are either hoodlums or "semi-wise guys." A semi-wise guy is, in betting parlance, one who "plays it by ear, a guy who knows what I'm going to bet, then bets the other way without having to do any handicapping."

Despite personal pride in their handicapping, most big bettors don't care to make their identities known. Yet some of them are so celebrated that their betting is an open secret. One of these is H. L. (Fats) Ferman, Hunt, the Dallas oilman, who has a fondness for football. In Texas, incidentally, \$200,000 to \$300,000 is often bet on a single high school football game. Hunt got his start running a gambling room on "Hamburger Row" in El Dorado, Ark., during the early '20s. He was known as one of the best poker and checker players in that neck of Arkansas, and legend has it that he picked up his first oil lease in an El Dorado poker game, and on a bluff at that.

Hunt is noted for his fantastic memory. Texans tell the story about the time a trial of oilmen were heading for a meeting of the American Petroleum Institute in Chicago. Hunt watched but didn't play in a big, rowdy poker game in which the raises flew like tumbleweed in a Panhandle storm. When it was over, Hunt could recall every bet that was made.

Another oilman noted for his betting is Ray Ryan of Evansville, Ind. Like Hunt, Ryan is reputed to have won his first oil lease in a poker game. No one would be surprised if he bet as much as \$20,000 on this year's World Series. Ryan is, without doubt, the nearest modern version of the 1890 sportsman, in the best sense of the term.

One of the most remarkable bettors today is a securities analyst, or, rather, a former securities analyst. He worked for a nationally known bank, the Depression, and, according to legend, was dismissed after he started offering advice on what employees would be fired, including the president at \$5 to 1.

"That's a slight exaggeration," the analyst says. "He wasn't on the list. I was through. I quoted myself at 8 to 1. Maybe I should have bet even money. The trouble was I was always telling them what they should do. They never listened, and I rubbed it in too much, I guess. But I don't mind, I own stock in the bank now. I felt like going to the last stockholders' meeting and raising a little bit, but I didn't. It would have been fun though."

In practice, big bettors tend to specialise in one sport but, of course, that

does not stop them from betting on other sports. The biggest baseball bettor in history, the late Irv Silverman of Miami Beach, often bet on football. Silverman, who died last May 11 at the age of 48, was born in Albany, N.Y., and as a child fell in love with baseball. He kept voluminous records, particularly on pitchers, and could recite earned run averages with the ease of a barkeep delivering a sip. He bet as much as \$2 million a year (this includes money bet over and over again) and was especially adept at coming up with a pitcher on a losing club who could beat a winning club.

In football he usually didn't bet with bookmakers but against the fans of both teams, making them put up the long end. When Silverman didn't get the long end, he would rely on amazing sources of information. He would bet against a visiting team, and when it arrived for the game, the star halfback would be out with a twisted ankle that no one else had heard about. To other pros in his trade, Silverman had his peculiar side. He liked to play cards, which, along with craps, is looked down upon as a hustler's game. But he just craved action. He would bet \$2,000 to \$1,000 a hand at a local bridge club, then leave the game to walk across the street to a drugstore for a Coke because it was only a nickel there and a dime in the club.

In 1962 Silverman had the bad luck to be arrested twice on charges of engaging in a game of chance, but both both rape on lack of evidence. When arrested, he gave the name Irvore Silverman. His use of an alias is understandable. Arrest is an indignity that no bettor feels he should be made to suffer, particularly if he is pre-eminent in his calling. When Silverman died, those who knew him mourned him. "He was," they agreed, "Mr. Baseball."

A few gamblers have adapted Silverman's techniques, and some have improved upon them. Perhaps the best one, with amazing sources of inside football information, was an Ohio bettor, now in semi-retirement. In the 1940s he ranged far and wide through football-rich Ohio and Pennsylvania, spotting prospective college stars while they were still high school juniors. The bettor would become acquainted with a promising kid, and, after expressing an avuncular interest in his future, offer to pay his way through school. The boy's parents would enthusiastically consent, and the bettor would then enroll a college in mind that he had just the quarterback the coach was looking for. There was no need to worry about

a scholarship, the bettor would inform the school, he was taking care of everything. Within a few years, he had put a considerable number of boys through college, not one of whom ever knew his benefactor's real occupation. There was no reason why the boys should have. He never asked them to play their best or worst; he never sought to influence them in any way. All he would do was call up a boy at one college on a Friday night, ask about his marks, then turn the conversation to the big game the next day. Having learned that the fullback pulled a leg muscle, he would then call the boy at the rival college to see



BIGGEST BASEBALL BETTOR. The late Irv Silverman, had canny odds sense.

how that team was doing. By comparing notes, he was able to make a killing. Naturally he was happy. And so were the boys. Several of them became All-Americans, and a few are now coaching.

But the greatest bettor of them all is the aforementioned securities analyst. Unusually respected for both his brains and integrity, the analyst is, so to speak, the Supreme Court of betting. Many betting disputes are sent to him for adjudication, and, in rendering decisions, he has made many number of rulings that have become part of betting's extensive but unwritten law.

In 1947 Alabama was a 14-point favorite over Miami in a Friday night game in the Orange Bowl. Several bettors heard a weather forecast that reported a bad storm was headed toward Miami. They took Miami and the 14 points, reasoning that the wind and heavy rain would make scoring all but impossible. But the rains were as territorial that officials postponed the game until Saturday night. The storm passed, and the next night the weather

was fine. That night Alabama defeated Miami 21-6, and thus the bettors who had taken Miami lost 21-20. But they wouldn't pay up. They protested that the game had not been played on Friday night as scheduled. The analyst got the case, and after brooding about the problem, reluctantly ruled that all bets were off. Since then no bet on a sporting event, except for outdoor boxing, carries over to the next day.

Last year a pro football exhibition game between the Los Angeles Rams and the New York Giants in Portland, Ore., caused considerable controversy. It was a night game, and just before it started, at about the time bookmakers and gamblers in the East were going to bed, both teams agreed to a sudden-death overtime in event of a tie. The Rams were favored. The game ended in a tie, and in the overtime the Rams won 23-17. The Giant bettors, on the losing end, protested. There had been no announcement of the sudden-death overtime in the event of a tie. They had bet on a football game, and a football game has only four quarters. The analyst's verdict: sudden-death overtime, even though not announced, is part of the game.

The most recent dispute occurred last August 31. It involved a game between the Phils and Pirates at Pittsburgh. Harvey Haddix of the Phils was favored over Ken Kline of the Pirates. Haddix was announced as the starting pitcher, but he hurt his back while warming up. Gummy Hammer, an infielder, went in to pitch for Haddix. The Pirates won 4-3. The bookmakers demanded that the bettors who had bet on Haddix pay up. He had been announced as the starting pitcher, his name appeared in the box score. Officially there was no doubt that Haddix was the starting pitcher. But the Haddix bettors refused. And the analyst agreed with them. He ruled that all bets were off. His reasoning: a starting pitcher is not a starting pitcher unless he pitches at least one ball in the game.

There are those who seriously contend that the analyst, endowed as he is with a Solomon-like mind and an uncanny way with numbers, would have made the greatest Secretary of the Treasury in U.S. history. When asked about this, the analyst demurred.

"I'd much rather have been Secretary of State," he replied with genuine modesty. "I think I could have done something there. During the war I offered 3 to 1 the Russians would be at our throats when it was over. My friends just said, 'Ah, you're nothing but an economic royalist.'" **END**

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WHAT HAPPENS TO FOOTBALL PLAYERS?

continued from page 37

Dame team. I guess we played over our heads nine out of 13 games a year because of the Notre Dame spirit."

Well, then, if the facts require at least a muted cheer for old Notre Dame, does it follow that all is well with intercollegiate football? Does the commitment of the Yankees make everything fine in Kansas City? Both as a check against the Notre Dame figures and in the interests of reaching some general conclusions about the intercollegiate game, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** conducted its own survey of four other schools. Questionnaires similar to those used for the Notre Dame study were sent to lettermen of the 1937 and 1946 football squads of Yale, Georgia Tech, Ohio State and Southern California—about as good a cross section of big-time college football as the mind can imagine. The response was 55%, a slightly higher return than Notre Dame had from its own players and certainly big enough to form a reliable sample.

Old players like football

The most striking single result of this survey was the practically unanimous approval the old players gave to the game. They were glad they had played, they would like to do it all over again, football had contributed to their development in many ways. Characteristic comment: "Learned as many valuable lessons there as in class"—and those who have none would in almost every case like them to return their alma mater and play in the old team. Bad sportsmanship? Never—not at their school! Did the coaches have their best educational intentions at heart? Certainly—and a great majority. Overemphasis on winning? No, sir—"Naturally you play to win; everybody wants to win"—although among Ohio State and Southern California players, as might be expected, there were criticisms of overzealous fans and alumni, and some scattered condemnation, mixed with sympathy, for the modern coaches.

The only place where the harmony of the old players really broke down was on the morality of the "athletic scholarship" in its various forms. On the question of whether "athletes should be offered special inducements [rent, monthly checks, etc.] to enroll in college," the Yale men were unanimously and indignantly opposed. W. T. Dickers, '38, now an executive with a chemical engineering company, summed up the general view in his

comment: "I feel that current emphasis on 'professionalism' and money-making needs of college athletics has apparently degraded public respect for college football. The original intent of the sport has been obscured with consequent serious effects on the character of present-day participants." The Yale men are against not only the entrance but against athletic scholarships per se, although one or two indicated that athletic ability should be taken into consideration along with scholastic ability.

At Georgia Tech, B-R-T scholarships similar to Notre Dame's are given, and most of the 43 men who answered the questionnaire had been beneficiaries of them. For true disapproving of this form of help, a good many commented that they would not have been able to attend school without it. However, all but four were against entrance in any form, and three of these recommended the addition only of modest payments for "living expenses." All-America Paul Duke, team captain in 1945 and now a sales executive, believes, "... they should receive a full scholarship, with minimum expenses. That's the only way to combat illegal compensation." Robert Jordan, '48, adds a novel thought: "With a \$1,000 cash on graduation—now is the player allowed to graduate."

At Ohio State the traditional method for helping a needy football prospect has been for the athletic department to find him a part-time job. And among a majority of the old grads, this still seems the proper way to do it; their comments include many admissions about the lasting virtues of hard work and self-help. All-America '45 and '46 Warner Arnting, now a promising veterinarian, observes: "I feel that the game of football or any other sport should be played by the boy because he likes the game and the certain amount of glory, etc. that he receives. This may sound funny in this day and age, but that is the way I feel." His teammate "Wib" Schneider, an insurance salesman now, says, "Don't make it too easy—otherwise you have a rude awakening when you get out and have to work for a living." A number of the men, however, favor something approximating the Notre Dame B-R-T working-scholarship idea. Among the 26 players who replied, there were only four in favor of "special inducements," two from each squad. Jack Wilson, four-year letterman ('48

through 40 and now in industrial relations management, has this to say:

"College football is run for the express purpose of making a profit. The one factor I do not particularly like about college football is the fact that it makes hypocrites out of young boys fresh out of high school and condones the philosophy of 'It isn't the deed that is wrong but getting caught at it.' . . . Why not recognize that football is a business and allow the players to realize their pay in a legitimate and straightforward manner."

West Coast Offensive

The University of Southern California, like most of the Pacific Coast Conference schools, gives grants-in-aid to its athletes to cover tuition and fees and finds jobs for them to help cover other expenses. The recent suspensions of several of the Pacific Coast schools for under-the-table help from alumni, and the consequent general uproar, has put the former USC players in a reflective frame of mind—nearly all of them had something to say about "inducements." Almost all felt that the boys should be given more help than they are presently allowed under the conference rules, with many men suggesting some variation of the B-R-T working scholarship idea. Probably many of them would agree with the comment and suggestion of Robert Fisher, who sent three football letters, now an executive of an electronic radio company: "I must certainly do not subscribe to such special inducements: apartments, well-paying jobs for poorly qualified wives, monthly

checks for services not rendered, etc. However, under current proscribing practices you damn well do what the Romans do. . . . It is my considered opinion that a strong national code be legislated and vigorously enforced by the NCAA along the following lines: 1) Cease the current practice of a monthly wage or check from a "down-town" sponsor. . . . 2) Provide dormitory living for board, meals, and laundry. Waive lab fees, library fees and such other charges. . . . Provide the student-athlete a part-time job in which the return is ample for him to purchase books, clothing, miscellaneous items and provide him funds for recreation. . . . Such work to be waived during the competitive season. . . ."

Such, then, are the varied opinions about the most pressing problem that confronts collegiate football these days. Three of the four groups believe, as do the Notre Dame men, that athletic ability should qualify a boy for financial help in one form or another. A very large majority received help themselves, and none of them became "athletic home." Indeed, as we shall discover, they have done very well for themselves in the years after college:

Ohio State: Among the dozen 1917 lettermen who replied to the questionnaire, the highest income reported is \$59,000 a year, the lowest, \$7,000. The median—the point at which half the figures are above, and half below—is \$11,000, and the average for the group is \$14,793. There are three salesmen, two coaches, a recreation director, a department store buyer, a doctor, a

(continued on next page)

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WHAT HAPPENS TO PLAYERS?

(continued from page 64)

proprietor of a business, and three business executives.

States of the 1946 players reported. The highest income is an estimated net after professional expenses, of \$23,000, the lowest is \$6,000, the median is \$14,250, and the average is \$13,290. Only one has continued in any way with athletics. There is one insurance salesman. There is a geologist, a doctor and a veterinarian. The others are entrepreneurs or businessmen.

Georgia Tech: Twelve of the 1947 group answered. Highest income is \$30,000, lowest is \$2,400, the median is \$11,000, and the average is \$14,771. There are four salesmen, a hardware buyer, a locomotive engineer (the only man who did not graduate) and six business executives.

Twenty-two of the 1948 lettermen replied. The highest income figure is \$20,000, the lowest is \$5,000 (but this man is attending graduate school), the median is \$10,500, and the average is \$11,668. There are five salesmen, two coaches, three proprietors, a college teacher, an independent oil operator, a safety director and nine in business.

Yale: Fifteen of the 1947 players replied. The highest income reported is "\$30,000 to \$40,000," the lowest is \$5,000, and the median is \$12,000. Leaving aside the \$100,000-a-year man, whose earnings are much bigger than anyone else's (the next being \$40,000) that to include him would warp the figure, the average is \$24,000. There are two lawyers, a minister, a naval officer, a salesman and 10 business executives. This group, incidentally, was the letterhead championship, with an average 3.2 children each—nearly followed by the 1937 Georgia Tech players, with 3 each.

Among the 14 of the 1946 players reporting, the highest income is \$14,000, the lowest is \$5,400, the median is \$9,400, and the average is \$10,308. Two are lawyers, one is a salesman, one a dentist, one an editor and publisher, one a schoolteacher, one a purchasing agent, one a packaging engineer and six are executives.

Southern California: Nineteen of the 1937 squad replied. Their incomes range from \$40,000 down to \$5,868, with the median at \$10,000 and the average at \$12,870. Their jobs are extraordinarily varied. Two men are coaches, one is an Air Force officer, another a Pan American World Airways captain, one an actor and stuntman, another a TV makeup artist. There are

three teachers, an acoustical engineer, an oil producer, a personnel manager, a real estate broker, a union business agent and a policeman, plus four business executives.

Fifteen of the 1946 players answered. The biggest income is \$30,000, the low-out is \$7,000, the median is \$9,700, and the average is \$8,664. Among them are five coaches, three salesmen, three insurance men, a personnel manager, a partner in a livestock supply house, a lawyer and a movie director.

Name Game: Among the 19 players in the 1947 squad who replied or could be found for interviewing, the high income is \$35,000, the low is \$4,500, the median is \$8,500, and the average is \$10,413. Five men are coaching, one is in the FBI, two are public officials, one is a lawyer, one an insurance agent, one a doctor, one a publisher, one a service-station owner and one a policeman, one a priest, one a teacher, one a farmer and three others are in business.

The 1946 team

Twenty-four of the 1946 players reported or were interviewed. Incomes range from \$30,000 to \$4,500, with the median at \$8,250 and the average at \$9,500. Five men are salesmen, three are business executives, two more are coaches, two are attorneys, two play professional football and also work as salesmen, two are engineers, one is a chemist, one is a traffic manager, one is a student, one is an agent for a trucking company, one is in the FBI, one teacher, one is in the oil business, one was partner in an auto agency, and one man describes himself as a "real estate salesman and factory worker."

The variations in income and its accomplishment that are shown by these groups are wide, but probably no wider than one might find among comparable groups of nonathletes. There are some "failures" here and some whose jobs fit inconspicuously with the idea of higher education, but this also is true of college graduates in general. What is more notable is the relatively high income they have. Each of them exceeds substantially the \$5,000 national median for college graduates, and the average income for the entire group is more than \$13,000.

Intercollegiate football has been on the list of meaningless activities among educators for a long time. There are legitimate criticisms to be made of it, no doubt, but among them is not that it impedes the practical purpose of education for its players. The foregoing data make that completely clear. And so ends a legend. (E.E.P.)



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CASEY IN THE STRETCH

by GERALD HOLLAND

ALWAYS IN A CROWD, but in a way always alone, an old campaigner of the baseball wars roamed the eastern half of the United States during the last days of summer. He plodded a direct course, he heaved to a single line, he kept his sharp, off-seeing eyes focused on a single target. He sought one goal, one prize. People kept telling him the prize was already his, but he refused to believe them until it was in his grasp: his seventh pennant in eight years.

He is the most remarkable man in baseball, this old campaigner, *opposite page*; this paradoxical personality known as Casey Stengel. There is nobody remotely like him in the game. A superb baseball tactician, a master strategist, his manipulation of his players is based on sound, cold reasoning, the percentages; and his previous knowledge of every man, in the league, his strength and weakness. True, he has a wealth of material to work with, but no one denies that he makes the most of it.

His memory is unbelievable. After a game, he can play back to an audience pitch by pitch. His physical endurance is astounding. In addition, he is, when he wants to be, a master of public relations which, since he is manager of the New York Yankees, makes him a daily target for an unending parade of characters, some legitimate, others more gaudies who divert him from the task to which he devotes each waking hour: the winning of ball games.

Finally, Casey is a clown. Not a buffoon, but an authentic clown, a skilled practitioner of an ancient art who can calculate a comic effect as accurately as he can strike a pitcher's landing staff.

All these facets of Casey's personality were in evidence as he led his Yankees down the stretch. Time and again, the pitcher tried to swing him off balance. But, through hell, high water and hulkahalo, Casey held to his charted course until at last—near one September midnight in Chicago—even Casey had to admit that he was in.

This is the report of one who went step by step down the stretch with Casey:

Washington

Nobody was worried but Casey. He couldn't wait for the train to get to Washington. He likes to get out to the

park early when he's worried. As early as 5 o'clock on the afternoon before a night game.

When the train finally pulled into the Washington station, Casey was the first one off. Stepping from the air-conditioned train was like stepping into a steel mill's blast furnace. The sportswriters, following Casey off the train, reeled under the impact of the 96° heat. Casey, off at a trot, yelled over his shoulder: "Come on, you guys!" A sportswriter yelled back: "Go on by yourself, skipper! We can't keep up with you!" Casey made a gesture of exasperation and broke into a half run.

A little later in the clubhouse, Casey worked at one of his first chores of the day: writing out the lineup for the opening game of the series with the Senators. As usual, he wrote down Mantle in the No. 3 spot and Berra No. 4. Then he scratched his head and pondered briefly over his abundance of infield talent. He decided to move Martin to third, play McDougall at second, Showers at first and Hunter at short. With Mantle in center and Bauer in right, there was only one spot to hesitate over. He put Slaughter in left, hitting in the lead-off position.

Word came that tonight's game would be attended by the President of the United States, and Casey said that was all right, that was fine. Then he called for a piece of address tape and went out to the dugout and taped the lineup on one of the posts. Then Casey took a seat on the bench and talked with the Washington and New York sportswriters. Watching Mickey Mantle taking batting practice at the plate, Casey said, "Here's something odd. I was thinking the other night, that guy rarely or never hits a line drive back at the pitcher. Warner used to say he aimed at 'em."

A message arrived saying Mrs. Calvin Griffith, wife of the Washington owner, had a guest sitting with her near home plate and she would like Casey to meet him. Casey went on over and the guest turned out to be Douglass Wallop, author of *The Four the Yankees Lost the Pennant*, the book from which the musical *Seven Years* was adapted. It seemed Mr. Wallop was preparing an article about the Yankees, and Casey was glad to oblige with a rapid-fire

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CASEY IN THE STRETCH

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Intimate discussion of the Yankees past and present. As he turned away, Wallop cut down heavily and looked at his notebook into which he had put not a single note. A boy of 10 or so called to Casey on his way back to the dugout and held out an autograph book. "Are you lucky, kid?" asked Casey. "I don't know," the boy said. Casey rubbed his knuckles in the boy's crew-cut hair, signed his book and went on.

At the dugout, Charlie Murdock, an announcer for Radio Station WRVA in Richmond, Virginia, was waiting with a tape recorder. "Mr. Stengel," said Murdock, "I'd like to tape an interview with you and Mantle and a couple of other players for a sports show on WRVA. Fifty thousand watts, sir."

"Ask the players," barked Casey. "Don't ask me. I got no time for broadcasting. I'm raising a ball club here."

Murdock backed away and Casey took a seat on the bench.

A fan stuck his head out from a box and peered around into the dugout.

"Hey, Casey?" he yelled. "Where does the World Series open, what city?"

"I don't know," snapped Casey. "We're not in the Series yet."

The fan looked hurt. "I think it's the National League city," said Casey to settle his feelings.

At the other side of the dugout another level appeared. "Jim Backus," cried the head, "ten bucks, Casey, for an autographed ball!"

Casey ignored him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," boomed the public address system, "will you stand with the President of the United States for our National Anthem?"

Casey sprang to the top step of the dugout and stood with his cap over his heart. After it was concluded, he went back to the bench to watch the Yankees win 6 to 4, with Mickey Mantle hitting No. 47 (as the President of the United States had asked him to do) and Jim Lemon (noting very much like Douglass Wallop's devil-bound hero, Joe Hardy) smacking three homers off Casey's pride and joy, his "professional pitcher," Whitey Ford.

It wasn't the kind of victory to cheer Casey Stengel. Next morning he sat sprawled on a sofa, his feet up on a coffee table, in a corner of the enormous lobby of Washington's Hotel Shoshone. He scowled at the sports pages and puffed great clouds of elegant smoke. After a while he tossed the papers aside, ground out two eggs and stirred up.

A man walked up and said: "You're doing a great job, Casey."

Casey shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "We could still lose this thing. We could have lost that one last night."

That evening visitors to the dugout included Walter Winchell, the newspaper columnist. They spoke of the old days and Winchell revealed in detail the false report of some years ago that he (Winchell) had had a heart attack. The discussion ended as a conversational dead heat before Winchell went out on the field to participate in some pre-game games arranged by the Washington club in honor of a young lady named Marge Lacey, who was to leave



DOUGLASS WALLOP, author of *Three Yankees*, interviewed Casey from his seat.

next day to represent Washington, D.C., in the Miss America contest at Atlantic City.

Casey paced the dugout as the stuporously irrelevant proceedings dragged on. The Washington players lined themselves up along the first-base line. The master of ceremonies dined on with conversational credits and introductions. Then, the Senators' second baseman, offered Miss Lacey a basket of flowers. "And now," cried the M.C., "presenting the manager of the Washington ball club, Chuck Dressen!"

Out of the Washington dugout hurried Chuck Dressen bearing a cake as big as a hat bag. Presenting it to Miss Lacey, he shouted into the microphones:

"I would not advise you to consume this cake, Miss Washington, as it would ruin your shape!"

In the Yankee dugout, Casey raised his eyes to heaven; and at home plate Miss Lacey, said she did, indeed, have to be careful about her shape and so would send the cake to a local hospital.

Washington took that game and the next one, too, and Casey turned back to New York for a double-header with the Baltimore Orioles. The Yankees swept both ends of that one and sent Casey off to Boston with his spirits vastly improved. But not for long.

Boston

Seated in the dugout with the Boston sportswriters, Casey looked like a man who had promised himself that morning to let nothing upset him this day. The questions put forward by the writers were diplomatically and disinterested. It was a cozy interlude until a bumpy young man named Joe Phelan, representing the United Press,



WALTER WINCHELL visited Casey in dugout and ran a conversational dead heat.

took a stance directly in front of Casey. "When," said Joe Phelan, "will the Yankees pay Mantle \$100,000 a year?"

Casey looked taken aback. But his good humor was not impaired.

"Why," he said pleasantly. "I think you got a right to ask that question, young fella. It just ain't a question to ask me. That's a question to ask Mr. George Weiss."

Phelan eyed him closely.

"Will the Yankees ever pay Mantle \$100,000 if they can avoid it?"

The Boston writers were visibly embarrassed. "Ted Williams," one of them blurted, "didn't get \$100,000 right away."

"Now wait," said Casey easily to Phelan, his humor intact. "You ask a question. I say you got a right to ask it, a right to your opinion. Now I say this—this fella is liable to get \$100,000 sooner or you think—this is just my guess now—providing, I say providing he was to do the three things—break the Ruth record and lead in RBIs and batting."

"What," said Joe Phelan, "was the idea of firing Rizzuto on Old Times' Day? There's been a lot of editorial comment about that here in Boston."

Casey swallowed hard.

"You're entitled to your opinion," he said, "but I'll tell you this. I needed an outfielder when I saw the chance to get Slaughter. I took it. It was his first time around on waivers and you don't think I'd have got him the second time around, do you? Also I got four outfielders hurt, Coff, Collins, Siebern and Neren. If anything happens to Mantle, what happens to me then? Also you got to remember Hunter comes through pretty good at short so I don't need Rizzuto. Now

"Or maybe," said Phelan, "he could get a job as headwaiter at the Kenmore Hotel (where the Yankees stay) —that would be all right, too?"

That did it.

"Pie?" cried Casey approximately. "Pie on your opinions! We're running this ball club. I'm the manager and we're in first place."

He got up and went to the water cooler. Two hours and 42 minutes later, Yogi Berra's home run had led the Yanks to a 5-4 win over the Red Sox. Whitey Ford's 10th victory.

New York

Back at Yankee Stadium, Casey greeted a new parade of disgust visitors

to appear with Red in lieu of the usual commercial.

Casey, peering through the leakers' legs, pointed to a Washington player in batting position. "How did you play this guy in Kansas City?" he asked Enos Slaughter. "A little to the left, Casey," said Slaughter. Casey nodded his approval.

The Yanks took two out of three and headed west to Kansas City for the last time.

St. Louis (ten minutes)

The *Missouri Pacific Eagle*, crack train of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, was scheduled to leave St. Louis at 8:58 a.m. But at 9:02 nothing had



CHUCK DRESSER kidding Casey while he grounded out to a home town hero.



MARGO LUCY, Miss Washington, D.C., chastised Casey about home plate.



JOE PHELAN, a Boston sportswriter, badgered Casey until Casey blew his top.

wait a minute, wait a minute here."

He jumped up suddenly and pointed to the outfield. "That's Cary going after that ball out there now. Look at him, runs pretty good, wouldn't you say? That's him, do you see him, way out there against the wall in right? Now Cary was hurt back in—"

Joe Phelan interrupted.

"Let's get back to Rizzuto," he said. "Do you think it was smart to let him go on Old Times' Day?"

"Listen," said Casey, cutting down.

"You got your opinions. But that was the day we had to make up our minds. Now let me tell you this. I'm just glad that Mr. Rizzuto has saved his money and also he's getting paid for the whole season. I wouldn't be surprised —it's up to the boys—but they're a pretty fair gang—they might not forget him in the Series show-up. Also Mr. Rizzuto has some offers to go on the radio and television and maybe [he pointed at Phelan] you could recommend him to Mr. Yawkey and he'd hire him as manager of his ball club."

Including two squads of Little Leaguers and a teenage boy escorted by Al Schacht, the old pitcher and baseball comedian. "My boy," said Schacht to his young friend, "this is Mr. Stengel. He has been wearing the baseball uniform [Schacht touched Casey's sleeve] for more than 76 years." Casey (who is 46) grunted. "Hey, Case," said Al. "Did you see the finish of the Brooklyn game last night [Brooklyn beat the Giants in extra innings, I mean did you get home in time?"

"Just home in time," growled Casey, "but I didn't feel like watching any more baseball after what happened here last night."

Washington had beat the Yanks 5-3, despite heroics by Berra and Bauer.

A television camera was wheeled up and aimed into the dugout for Red Barber's progress show. Red himself appeared a few moments later with a brace of bankers in tow. They were Paul Sweeney, a vice-president, and Pat Maloney, an assistant vice-president of Bankers Trust Company. They were

happened and the passengers in the observation car, most of them Democratic politicians bound for a meeting at Jefferson City, the state capital, were beginning to grow restless. Among the politicians was Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, lately a dark horse candidate for the presidency. There was speculation as to what was causing the delay, a wreck along the line, a broken-down diesel, a flat wheel or whatever. Exactly one hour after scheduled departure time, the attendant broke the news: "Police," he said, "we are waiting for Mr. Casey Stengel and the New York Yankees. They are late coming in on the Pennsy." Casey once accepted this information as an entirely satisfactory explanation and there were no further complaints. Senator Symington let it be known that he was glad to wait for Casey because he planned to attend (and he did) the game in Kansas City that night.

When the Yankee cars were at last hooked on (an hour and a half later,

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CASEY IN THE STRETCH

continued from page 27

the observation car attendant hurried forward and was back in a few minutes with another bulletin: "Fella," he said, "Mr. Casey Stengel is in the dining car right now having his breakfast. He is looking swell!"

Kansas City

In the special bus that took the Yankees from the railroad station to Hotel Muehlebach, Casey was bubbling with high spirits. This was his home town. Peering out the window, he pointed out points of interest like a baker: "There's where a man named Sawyer had an automobile stolen, that was right after the first world's war. See that monument? When Will Rogers saw that for the first time, he said, 'Biggest s--- I ever seen!' He fell silent, dwelling in thoughts. After a moment, he cried out: 'There! There's where the Sells-Floto circus used to be put out!' He raised up in his seat and searched the blank faces of his young athletes. "Right there, did you see it? It was the Sells-Floto circus grounds in the old days!"

Casey, clearly loosened loose and the Muehlebachs in good luck. This afternoon, it was jumping. There were half a dozen sales conventions going on and over the building's many, electric signs were up as yard signs reminded the multitude. Casey plunged into the mob like a swimmer, shook hands with the kids. Ding and the Foster & Starnes people, signed programs for the Ford children and answered questions for delegates to a convention of Missouri mayors. There was an air-conditioned suite (the temperature outside was 103) waiting for Casey on the 8th floor, but he took his own good time.

That evening, in the clubhouse before the game, Casey walked around in his undershirt, sipping a bottle of Coke. A New York sportswriter came up and told him he wanted to do a feature story on the 41th anniversary of Casey's entrance into major league ball. "Is it 41?" said Casey. "When?" The sportswriter said it was Sept. 17. "That's right," said Casey. "September 17, 1922. I came up from Montgomery, Ala. to the Brooklyn Dodgers." He put his arm around the writer's shoulder. "Come on to the office here," he said, "and I'll tell you all about it."

Later, in the dugout, a merry-faced, good-natured man popped out of the tunnel from the clubhouse and cried: "Dutch Stengel, you old son of a gun!"

Casey looked around and jumped up. "Doe Stoffer?" he exclaimed. "Well, what do you know." They shook hands and pointed each other on the back.

"The and I," said Casey to the dugout audience, "played together in the old Western League. Doe gave up baseball to practice medicine."

"Trained medicine," said the doc. "for 24 years. Then I was put out of business, you might say, by the wonder drugs. Any way, I figured I could do better manufacturing my dark suits."

"Doe used to make 'em by hand," said Casey, "does it by machine now."

"That's correct," said Doc Stoffer. "Five thousand a year."

"Here's something that will interest you, Doe," said Casey. "I got a letter from a savings and loan concern in Kankakee, Ill. They found out that when I left Kankakee, the club owed me \$67.60 and so I took my uniform with me. Some day I figured that if I had invested that \$67.60 in their loan concern, it would amount to something like \$450 today. They say they'll give me that much if I can find the old uniform so they can put it in the window. I'm going out to my sister's house here and see if any chance she holds on to it."

Next day Casey dodged rummaging through his sister's house but couldn't find the uniform.

The Yankees always have an unsettling effort on Kansas City, especially on the married members of the team.



HELEN THRAUEL, manager of Casey, in corner of vocal chords at hotel party.

who have been known to lunge the athletes with ice-stations in necks and taffy pulls. Back at Hotel Muehlebach, Casey concurred in a decision to shut off all incoming phone calls for the Yankee players. The official announcement was that the move was taken to circumvent "ticket scalpers and autograph hounds."

At the baseball park the Yanks took two out of three from the A's and raced for the special train at Union Station.

En route to Detroit

It was like a caravan of rich gypsies. The Yankees had their own special train from Kansas City to Detroit and, like a gypsy king, Casey sat at the first table with his coaches, replaying the afternoon, relishing his thick steak. Now and then Casey let his eyes wander up and down the car and take in the spectacle of youth and health over which he presided. It was a world all its own, stout and proud, roaring over the Missouri landscape with the big diesel leading to the towns and villages, stopping for nothing, for nobody.

After dinner (there were card games, but Casey turned in early. Next morning almost everybody complained that they hadn't slept a wink during the early ride, Casey emerged from his dining room and yawned. "Well, that's odd. I was asleep when I hit the pillow, and I didn't budge all night." When the train reached Detroit, he was the first one to reach the waiting cars. In the dugout at Briggs Stadium, Detroit, Casey listened without comment as the sportswriters' semibait about managerial shifts. Brown, one man said, could have the Washington job if he wanted it; and also had two National League offers. Casey raved his eyebrows. Another man said Harris was through at Detroit but had a front office offer from one of the eastern clubs. "You'll be back, skipper," said a New York writer to Casey. "If the price is right?" Casey just grinned.

The Yanks beat the Tigers for Casey, 2 to 1, just as George Weiss, the Yankees' general manager, blew into town and announced that he would be host of a party in the Stoffer's Terrace Room that evening. Helen Thrauel, the Metropolitan Opera star, was appearing there.

Casey enjoyed the party. He talked from the moment he sat down at the table in the Terrace Room. He replayed the game, surveyed the league, recalled the old days when he was manager of the Boston Braves. Miss Thrauel was in good voice, but so was Casey. As he talked, raising his voice when



SENATOR SYMINGTON of Missouri visited for Casey, late reaching St. Louis.



DR. E. S. STOPPER spoke to Casey of wonder drugs, old times—and check-ups.



AL SCHACHT, successful comedian, led-did Casey and brought up money subject.

necessary, she bravely sang several operatic arias, did a slot she once performed with Jimmy Durante and then belted out *I Could Have Danced All Night*. When she finished, plainly exhausted, Casey was just getting warmed up, asking rhetorical questions like, "Do you know why Duffy Lewis [the former ballplayer who is now traveling secretary of the Milwaukee Braves] decided to become a traveling secretary? Because he loved to write with green ink and sign checks!"

Cleveland

Casey felt good. Maybe it was because the Yankees had crowded three incredible home-run plays in the final Detroit game (Casey threw to the wrong base, Mantle held on to a fly ball and let a man score, Herro forgot a runner, who straggled across the plate) and Casey figured all their homers were behind them. Anyway, he plunged into the convention crowd in the lobby of Hotel Cleveland in high good humor, slithering around like Groucho Marx, stopping to join in a debate about umpires, leaning over to tell a startled Bill Dickey, calmly reading a paper book, that he had left his golf bags on the station platform. Dickey blurted, "I don't carry any golf bags"—before he caught on. At Casey's heels were a pack of small boys peering him for autographs. "Listen, fellow," cried Casey, "give me a chance to get settled here? They hung on and finally, after leading himself down with newspapers, Casey piled the papers up on the cigar counter and signed every paper and book put before him.

The Yanks could have clinched it

next afternoon before a crowd of nearly 40,000, but they didn't. Back at Hotel Cleveland, the word was passed to the press corps that in lieu of the victory party spoiled by Early Wynn at the stadium, there would be a small reception given by George Weiss in a private dining room on the mezzanine.

The guests assembled: John Dreisinger of the Times, Harold Hershthal of the *World Tribune*, Joe King of the *World-Telegram*, Ben Epstein of the *Airline*, Joe Trimble of the *News*, Ted Foyling of the *Journal*, Lawrence, Jerry Mitchell of the *Post*, George Hinton of the *Long Island Press*, Mel Allen, Jim Woods, Lee Rypke, Al Worneman, Don Wiederrecht of the broadcasting team, sent there and home as Gus Mauer, the trainer; Bob Finkel, the publicity man; Bill McCorry, the traveling secretary and Johnny Johnson of the front-office staff.

Casey came in wearing his blue suit and a light gray tie and black and white socks in a diamond pattern. With his entrance, everyone drifted to the chairs and sofas.

There was a final buzz of small talk, as Jack, before the curtain rises, and then the voice of Casey Stengel rang out.

"I wish you would look at these pants," he roared. "I want them cut to be pressed and they came back with eight creases. I got the guy on the phone and I said, 'Come and get these pants and take the pants out.' So he sends a boy and says he'll deliver the suit to the ball park."

"I gave the boy who brought them a dollar," said Bill McCorry.

Casey turned and looked at him. "I'll get that back back to you," he

said. He looked down at his trousers again. "Now look at these pants," he continued, "they still got two creases in them."

"What you should do, Casey," said McCorry, "is have a crease sewed in."

"The best pair of pants I ever owned," said Casey, "was when I was 13 years old. My mother sewed the crease in them. They always looked nice."

He stared at the rug. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and shook his fist.

"Oh, that big Indian!" he cried.

He was speaking of Early Wynn who had beat the Yanks in the second game and kept them from clinching the pennant then and there.

"Here he is out there," Casey went on, "standing like a statue?"

Casey dropped his arms to his sides, put his chin on his chest and stared with lowered eyes.

"Here's my hitter up there."

Casey became the Yankee hitter, lashing the air rhythmically with his imaginary bat.

"Here's the Indian," Casey became a statue again.

"Men on base? He don't care?"

Casey became a craven wretch, his hands trembling. "Is he saying to himself, 'Oh, my manager will be mad at me?'"

Casey spat in scorn. "He don't care! Thirty-five years old, pitching every third day, the big Indian! Here's the pitch! Wham!"

Casey threw.

"It's a knuckle! Here's my hitter!"

Casey swung mightily, spun around and ended with the imaginary bat

(continued on next page)

"Now there's a guy," said Casey. "He says his arm hurts. And I put him in three, four, five times—I don't know, look it up—and they never score on him. But still he says he can't pitch. Boy, I told him, they don't score on you. If that ain't pitching, what is it?"

"Maybe there's your fourth starter in the Series, Case," one of the sports-writers suggested.

Casey whirled on him.

"Don't be surprised," he said, waggling a finger. "Don't be surprised."

Casey marched up and down the room.

"That Brooklyn club is smart," he said. "Old but smart. The smartest club in the league, don't nobody forget it. Show a little nervousness out there, and they'll jump all over you. They'll bust, they'll hit-and-run and they'll steal. They're smart, smart—old but smart."

He stopped and looked around.

"I had a hat when I came in," he said.

Bill McCorry went around looking for the hat.

"Casey," said a sportswriter, "I've

been wanting to tell you. That blue hat of yours looks fine with your blue suit, but it clashes with your brown suit. You ought to get a brown hat for your brown suit."

Bill McCorry handed Casey the blue hat. Casey looked inside of it, turned it over in his hands and rubbed his sleeves against the brim.

"This is my hat for every suit," he said, "Edna (Mrs. Stengel) bought it for me in Rome last winter."

He looked at his hat and flicked a bit of dust from it.

"I'm sorry I blew that one this afternoon, boys," he said. "We could have had the victory party tonight. Maybe we'll have it Tuesday. I'm playing Piece (Billy Piece of the White Sox), but I'll pitch my professional (Whitey Ford)."

Nobody said anything. Casey sauntered over to the door.

"That Brooklyn club is smart," said Casey, "but I ain't afraid of 'em. I ain't afraid of the world."

Casey put on his blue hat, opened the door, stared directly to the guests and walked out alone.

END



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X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCE

Team	W-L	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games
MAJOR LEAGUE									
Atlanta	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Chicago	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Los Angeles	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
San Francisco	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
St. Louis	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Washington	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
MINOR LEAGUE									
Chicago	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Los Angeles	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
San Francisco	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
St. Louis	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Washington	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees

TEAM LEADERS

Team	W-L	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games
Atlanta	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Chicago	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Los Angeles	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
San Francisco	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
St. Louis	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Washington	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
MINOR LEAGUE									
Chicago	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Los Angeles	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
San Francisco	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
St. Louis	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Washington	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON ON THE GO

Team	W-L	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games
Atlanta	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Chicago	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Los Angeles	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
San Francisco	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
St. Louis	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Washington	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
MINOR LEAGUE									
Chicago	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Los Angeles	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
San Francisco	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
St. Louis	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Washington	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees

SEASONS PRODUCED

Team	W-L	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games
Atlanta	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Chicago	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Los Angeles	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
San Francisco	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
St. Louis	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Washington	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
MINOR LEAGUE									
Chicago	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Los Angeles	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
San Francisco	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
St. Louis	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Washington	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees

THE HEROES

Team	W-L	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games	Points	Games
Atlanta	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Chicago	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Los Angeles	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
San Francisco	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
St. Louis	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees
Washington	1-1	138	100-101	1	Yankees	100	100-101	1	Yankees

FOOTLOOSE

Continued from page 22

MILWAUKEE

By Ned Van Every

Up by Third Street, the legend handed down from the Native to the Kinderhook is that Indian tribes paddling into Milwaukee for an early world series of lacrosse were met at the beach by natives bearing a wonderful concoction called *Goodfellow's*.

Since then "Milwaukee-gae," a dirty Winnebago word meaning stinking river (the Association of Commerce decries it) has become *Waka-a-waka*, a Potawatomi word meaning "gathering place by the river"; finally, "Milwaukee," a compromise meaning "beer."

Visitors to the World Series of baseball are likely to have *Goodfellow's* but not "Milwaukee" hung at them from many directions. The stuff really is just "good fellowship; the state of being good-natured, outgoing, cheerful, cordial."

The man in the next seat at the stadium will dispense it when he buys the beer, shares his bratwurst or offers a ride downtown after the game (if he's real mean, he'll take West St. Paul Avenue, much the fastest route).

One should not, however, be carried away by this. Let a stranger make a nasty crack about the weakness of the Braves and he'll have to put his teeth out of some good burger's knuckles. The liberty of making nasty cracks is reserved for known fellow sufferers.

Likewise, it is well to take care in the ramping. The snail-faced city fathers have loaded the books with ordinances, one of which (although never known to have been enforced) even prevents online. And the Milwaukee police department has a national reputation for efficiency and honesty.

The down-slopped "Milwaukee gallop," while attributed by the unknowing to immersion in the city's favorite product, actually has received a strong assist from a native love of sailing. This municipal indulgence is reflected in fine restaurants: Mader's and Karl Rotzsch's for assemblages; Eugene's Panacea and the Cape Cod for sea food; La Joy's and Old Canton for oriental dishes; George Diamond's, Frenet's and Lamm's for steaks or sundry. Outlying, for atmosphere, are the Chalet on the Lake, Sausery, Black Steer, Murmuring and Wolf's Island.

Should winters develop, there is in town, October 8 through 12, the National convention of the American Inebriate Association. They and others have

jammed up hotel facilities in fine fashion. But no one will go foolish, with or without reservations. The A. of C.'s housing bureau will shelter every one in somewhere, and motel rates will not go up; the state has say-so.

Within 10 minutes of the Braves' playing field there are several fancy motels. If worst comes to worst, Chicago is only 80 minutes away by train.

As baseball rages at the city undauntedly will be if the Braves do take the pennant, the game isn't the only participant sport in Milwaukee. There are in America's 13th largest city, for instance, 2,199 taverns. Divided into a population of 722,640, this provides one saloon for every 334 persons, a nice ratio. Very often all 334 may be found in this saloon.

Other sports for the fading: 2,313 pinball machines, none offering men-



IN MILWAUKEE: BEER, GALLOP, SOMETHING, THE BRAVES AND THAT GOODFELLOWISH

tary rewards; rounded concerts by the Milwaukee Music Appreciation club, October 4; *Ballade* at the Grand Theatre; the Wisconsin Square Dance Jamboree, October 7; 2,693 jukeboxes; Red Stevens and the Milwaukee Pops orchestra, October 11; an exhibition of international art at the Milwaukee Art Institute, October 14; 984 bowling alleys (after all, Milwaukee is national headquarters for the American Bowling Congress).

The perch fishing is great off the government pier. The deer and bear season is open for ten and more hunters, and a metropolitan Milwaukee has not lost a deer. There is no



A football player's glove must test and function like part of him. The finest football shoes are made of kangaroo. The lightest, softest, yet strongest leather of all. Look for this tag when you buy football shoes. It's your guarantee of the coach-approved leather—genuine Australian Kangaroo—tanned in the U.S.A.

FOOTBALL in forthcoming issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Here is some partial preview of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's football coverage to come. Read how (through the David Gates):

- Next week: Preview of professional football (including coaching reports) on all 12 pro clubs.
- Football penalties, why they happen, what they are and how a referee calls them, with illustrations by Robert Rignall and text by Herman Holzman.
- Night football in the South: the Miami-Marion game.
- Georgia Tech's Bobby Dodd, the champion of the college game.
- Scouting reports (as in previous weeks) on "Star players."
- Every week, Herman Holzman's column.
- And every week, the up-to-the-minute text of top games, the up-to-the-minute odds, and all the color and action that can be had from the best coverage of the American sporting scene.

conservation law that says the hunter may not twang an arrow into a deer in downtown Milwaukee. The disorderly conduct ordinance, however, is unenforceable.

The bright lights of the Cream City (the name refers to the color of a stone once quarried in Milwaukee, not to cream) never have been fitted with more than 125 watt bulbs, and the arrival of the Braves did not improve the night life. Mama's budget covers occasional seats in the upper grandstand and the family room of the corner saloon but not in a fancy nightclub. The latest Robin Nelson's dance house on Irving is in the Empire Room of the Schroeder Hotel (in Milwaukee one always pronounces it Shrader, not Shröder); the Dave Kennedy jazz quartet at Kord's; Milton Raymond's band at Paradise; with the Frank de Miles quartet at the Holiday House; the Bill Stark trio in the Blackmar Room of the Wisconsin Hotel.

It is, of course, ridiculous to consider a going-home gift that does not mark of Grandföhrheit. It is equally ridiculous to believe that a gift-size parry of beer can be transported comfortably, except internally. There remain only two possibilities: sharp Wisconsin cheddar which the Wisconsin Cheese Mart, 1444 North Third Street, will mail, or the truly fine German sausages of Ueinger's, next door.

On the return home, too, the commuter should be equipped to drop a real shocker: Milwaukee is not a German town at all; German foreign-born make up only 24% of the population. It's just that there is so much *Gemühtlichkeit*.

CINCINNATI

by Harry Mayo

As a sports town, Cincinnati has few rivals—in the daytime. Follow the old Central Parkway, down from the suburbs just past the entrance and over the Rhine and you're in a red-hot nest of bachelors who, even when the snow is on the steps and the lunching men in the barroom door, will talk about new deer old Redlegs right up to bedtime at 9 o'clock.

Alternatively, Cincinnati has been called solid. Even so, the city of trim family businesses and precision-cut shops has earned its reputation. In its early days it moved with a caution that its late-comer rivals, Chicago and Cleveland, abhorred. But when the Depression struck, it was Cincinnati that suffered least. And now again, as personal finance falters, may the Cincinnati

that suffers less than either Brooklyn or Milwaukee should its surprising Redlegs come up short of wins at season's end. It is the flashier, more elegant type of people who would cross the Ohio River into Kentucky for an evening of gambling and nightclub entertainment—who are cut deepest by tragedy. Solid Cincinnati will wait and, as in 1932 when the city remembered an old name—Portopolis—and celebrated the 100th anniversary of the hot dog, only to discover it was invented in Frankfurt, Germany, it will be satisfied that it had the right idea anyway.

Indeed, should the Redlegs win the pennant this year, the city may be considerably recharged. There are 4,700 rooms in good hotels, and for months 2,500 of them have been guaranteed to a convention of the United Mine Workers. Hotels are not accepting any reservations at all. The Netherland-Hilton, which traditionally houses visiting ball clubs, has said with understatement that it has accommodations for two teams. Sports writers are likewise assured of a place of rest, but the nonworking crowd will have to take its chances.

The variety of choice is, however, excellent. In addition to the Netherland-Hilton, there are the Terrace-Hilton, the Sheraton-Gilman and the Simon, all within a block or two of Fountain and Government squares. Whether a visitor stays there or not, a visit to the Terrace-Hilton on Sixth and Vine is a must. An ultramodern 28-story plant, it is capped by a glass turret, beneath which is located the Gourmet Restaurant, with a reputation for the finest French cuisine in town. The Malsmeyer on Walnut Street will argue the point, but nobody will question that both are expensive.

For entertainment after dark, the visitor who is not given to surfing up with a good book has no choice but to leave town—for Kentucky. The main attraction is Johnny Ray at the Beverly Hills, just three miles south of Cincinnati. In Covington, where the gambling is not nearly as wide open as it once was but is still available if you can find the right people, there are still a number of good eating places on the Dixie Highway.

But if the Redlegs are in the Series few visitors will require more entertainment than that provided at Crosley Field. Best bet to get there is to take a cab at 50¢ per person. At Crosley even a Yankee fan can enjoy himself with solid Cincinnati. **D.W.B.**

FAMOUS GUIDES



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USE AND RECOMMEND

CASE

HUNTING KNIVES

Says Lee Bowman, "Our Parties have based on many of the best, old and other big game in a single season. With this much money to draw, I need the best hunting knife money can buy. That's why I carry a Case, just a quick, occasional sharpening, and my Case, because knife is always razor sharp and ready for action."

No. M-5 HINN—Skin, silver ground 3" blade of razor polished, chrome plated, special formula steel. A lightweight knife, built to do a heavyweight job. Leather handle, 9-10" with leather sheath.
Same blade with genuine stag handle, No. M-5 HINN, 31.17

No. 316—3"—A deadly heavy with 3" silver ground blade with blood groove. Special formula, razor polished, chrome plated steel. Genuine stag handle, 9-10" with leather sheath.
Same blade with leather handle, No. 316—3", 31.50

No. 323—3"—Healy, 3" silver ground, chrome blade makes short work of dressing the biggest game. Mirror polished, chrome plated, special formula steel. Genuine stag handle, 9-10" with leather sheath.
Same blade with leather handle, No. 323—3", 34.75

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THE BLACK BOX

Sir:

Congratulations to you for finally producing the story of the 1959 World Series right from Chick Gandil's mouth (Sports Illustrated News, Sept. 17). It was fascinating, and particularly so because he says that the Black Sox tried to doublecross the gamblers and win the Series. This I never suspected.

When I returned from the war in 1959 I made a slight bet of \$25 on Cincinnati with a friend of mine. When the story exploded I refunded the money, as I wanted no part of the chicanery of Moore, Rothstein, Sullivan and Abe Appel. Thanks to you I will now get that money back where it belongs—in my pocket.

There remains only one thing more. It is to find out from Eddie Cicotte where the \$10,000 went after he had removed it from under his pillow. I recall that in his confession Cicotte said that "he did it for the wife and kiddies." Gandil says he didn't get a cent. How about the others? Come on, give us the lowdown.

RICHARD W. WOOD JR.

Palmerton, N.J.

■ The only thing Gandil claims to know about that \$10,000 is that he never took any of it. Gandil saw Cicotte put the money under his pillow and after the Series fled Chicago for a small Texas town where he visited his in-laws, had an appendectomy and waited for things to cool down.

When Gandil began to realize the enormity of the public scandal he had helped to create he decided to forego his share of the payoff in hope that this would exonerate him. In the meantime, Gandil and his wife had set up a home in California. Gandil never again saw any of his teammates except Fred McMullen, in 1918, and Swede Risberg, who paid him a brief visit in Berkeley in 1925.—ED.

Sir:

I strongly believe that your article on the Black Sox scandal was a fascinating and a rewarding piece of writing. My hat is off to Chick Gandil not only for telling a very inspiring tale but also for having enough courage to present us with the actual facts of the scandal.

SAUL ROSENBLUM

Baltimore

HARNESS RACING: ROCHESTER DECLARED WAR

Sir:

IF SPORTS ILLUSTRATION owed its handling of the harness racing as practiced at Rochester's Batavia Downs, it was only on the side of altruism. (War Is Declared, Sept. 10). It would have been possible to sell several thousand additional copies that week: copied SPORTS ILLUSTRATION were accurate as "hoss" tooth in a matter of half an hour after they appeared on the newsstands.

Possibly this was not caused entirely by regular public response to the harness story. There is a feeling here, substantiated by magazine dealers and stand operators, that Batavia has not yet completely recovered that it dispatched emissaries into the field to buy up all copies in sight.

If this is so, it is a great pity, because Mr. Tax's disclosure of the backgrounds of Morris, Morris, Wiseman and Prevorse were most enlightening. These men, of course, ran harness racing at Batavia and, while it was not entirely new to us, the way the story was handled brought everything into sharp focus and gave the whole unsavory situation a new impact.

H. J. TAYLOR

Rochester, N.Y.

■ Never underestimate the alertness of Rochester's citizens, for a sample of whose opinions see below.—ED.

Sir:

I am pleased and relieved to think that someone has finally started a course of action against the harness racing situation as

it now exists. I marvel that it has continued as long as it has.

MARSHALL TAYL

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

HARNESS RACING EXCELLENT, GET RID OF UNLIES CLEAR, WANT MORE.

RICHARD DENNIS

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

If more honest people would get behind this movement, maybe we would get a decent track and better racing at our tracks. RALPH P. HUNT

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

Most fans know the circumstances, but it takes articles like yours to get the mess cleaned up. Keep it up and thanks again. AL HUNTING

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

It's about time a magazine like SPORTS ILLUSTRATION did something about these undesirable.

WILLIAM J. TORRES

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

It is men like Mr. Tax who help keep it clean, and Batavia sure needs cleaning. WILLIAM WILKINS

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

I am glad you had the nerve to haul out those operators at Batavia Downs.

SAM MICO

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

I think if you continue to report and explain the wrongs, the racing commission will have to rectify itself.

MARK THOMPSON

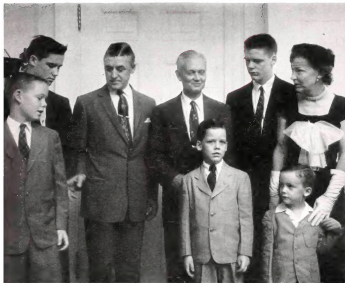
Rochester, N.Y.

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



PAT ON THE BACK



George A. Sorenson

SHANE MACCARTHY

SURROUNDED by his family and Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams, Shane McCarthy (center, left) is shown after being sworn in to the newest job in the U.S. Government: Executive Director of the President's Council on Youth Fitness. The McCarthy family includes (from left) Tim, 11; Kevin, 14; Pat, 6; Shane Jr., 17; Mike, 3; Mrs. McCarthy.

A vigorous, gregarious 48-year-old, McCarthy still speaks with traces of his native Cork brogue. "I was 17," he says, "when I came to the U.S., and I had been raised and schooled in a country where sports and fitness were an integral part of the process of growing up. At my High School, athletics were treated on equal merit with any of the subjects taught. And when I look back I see how important it is to

develop interest in sports at a very young age.

"Here in America our pattern of living has become so mechanized and education so crowded that it has pushed physical training into a secondary position."

Top priority in his new job will be given to restoring training for fitness to its proper place both in and outside of school. McCarthy has taught at Georgetown and Catholic universities in Washington and held various administrative posts in government. He keeps fit himself by playing golf, handball and basketball and has lately taken up bicycling. Every evening he leads a procession of neighborhood youngsters (including his own) on a five-mile cycle tour of northwest Washington—for exercise and the feeling of family participation.



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evaporation. But what's left has been so smoothed and mellowed by 7 long years of Nature's changes in temperature and season that, in my opinion, it's the finest Blended Bourbon made today.

"I'd like to have you try some. I do believe you'll find it remarkably good."

